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**PUNCH**

MAY  
25  
1949

Vol. CCXVI  
No. 5659

For conditions of sale and supply of Punch  
see bottom of last page of text

*Fit "Triplex"—and be safe*  
Reg'd

# Swan Shoes



Styled by Swan and fashioned by fine craftsmen. Swan shoes are not too plentiful at present, but you will find limited supplies at the better shops and stores.

For men's shoes by CROCKETT & JONES LTD., NORTHAMPTON, ask for 'HEALTH' brand CJS150

## THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD



For over half a century

STATE EXPRESS 555

have maintained their reputation as the best cigarettes in the world



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Soupy says:—



Watch for Soupy at your local cinema

Six delicious, nourishing platefuls from 7½d pkt. 3d pkt. serves two



**SYMINGTON'S  
THICK SOUPS**

- Save money on food
- Contains body-building protein
- Supply energy-giving carbohydrates
- Wonderfully delicious — 9 varieties

W. SYMINGTON & CO. LTD., MARKET HARBOURCH

# Sundour



*fine furnishing  
fabrics*

BACKGROUND FOR GRACEFUL LIVING



Little Miss Muffet got up from her tuffet  
And stood by a garage one day  
Where she noticed each driver  
Who drew up beside her  
Chose Castrol to smooth out the way





# ROSS'S

BELFAST

GINGER ALE  
SODA WATER  
TONIC WATER

LIME JUICE CORDIAL  
LEMONADE  
GRAPE FRUIT

To be found again in "foreign parts"—but very scarce at home



**'PRUHT'**  
is praised  
at parties

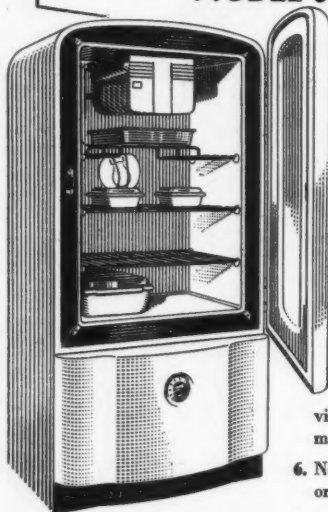
**PRUHT**—which, by the way, is pronounced 'Proot'—is also pronounced excellent by everyone who tries it. At every kind of festive occasion, Pruhit gets wholehearted applause. Its primary function is as an aperitif, but the general view is that whether you drink Pruhit before meals, after meals, or between meals because you just happen to feel that way, it's a truly delightful drink. Your wine merchant stocks Pruhit; the price is twenty-seven shillings, and it's very, very good value.

**'PRUHT' is a  
Praiseworthy Potion**

Rawlings & Sons (London) Ltd.

## YOUR NEW REFRIGERATOR

THE  
"English Electric"  
MODEL 64



### SIX POINTS OF SUPERIORITY

1. Over 6 cubic feet storage space
2. Fast-freezing, silent running unit, guaranteed 5 years
3. 'Ritemp' control gives nine temperature settings
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Domestic Appliance Dept. H.64, QUEENS HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

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by means of the "HOMCAN" Machine is the most efficient and safest method of lastingly preserving your surplus crops. Ample supply of cans. A special attachment on the machine enables our cans to be re-used again and again. Highly satisfied users throughout the country.

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for  
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HOME CANNING MACHINE  
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**HOME CANNING EQUIPMENT CO. LTD.**  
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BATHROOM  
FURNITURE  
IS  
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When youth adorns  
to-day's graceful fashions  
and wears them with  
such poise, a treasured  
pair of Aristoc  
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ARISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS FULL FASHIONED



The **FINEST FINISH**  
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& POWER PRESSED FOR STRENGTH

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"The Hathaway" Teapot made at the Aluminium Works, Stratford-on-Avon





THE FAMOUS  
SWEET  
PICKLE



TRUST  
MACONOCCHIES FOR FLAVOUR



JOHN HINDHAUGH  
— MILLER —

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Home-bakers in the South Country and the Manchester area can now obtain the real old-fashioned STONEGROUND WHOLEMEAL, in 3 & 6 lb. Bags, from HARRODS Ltd London SW1 and John Williams & Sons Ltd., 400 Dickinson Road, Longsight, Manchester, 13.

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**HINDHAUGHS**  
*Stone Ground* WHOLEMEAL

HINDHAUGHS LTD, 38 CLOTH MARKET,  
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(P.3)

1640  
Court of Charles I



How  
Distinctive!

HORNIMAN'S  
**DISTINCTIVE**  
TEA

W. H. & F. J. HORNIMAN & CO., LTD:

EST. 1826

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Grey Dapple and White, or Cream and Black finishes. Plinth base. Hinged cover and shelf fold flat over hotplate when cooker is not in use.

See the latest Main models at the Gas Showrooms.

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For afternoon dresses...  
For all summer long, choose

pure silk crepe-de-chine  
Prints

by

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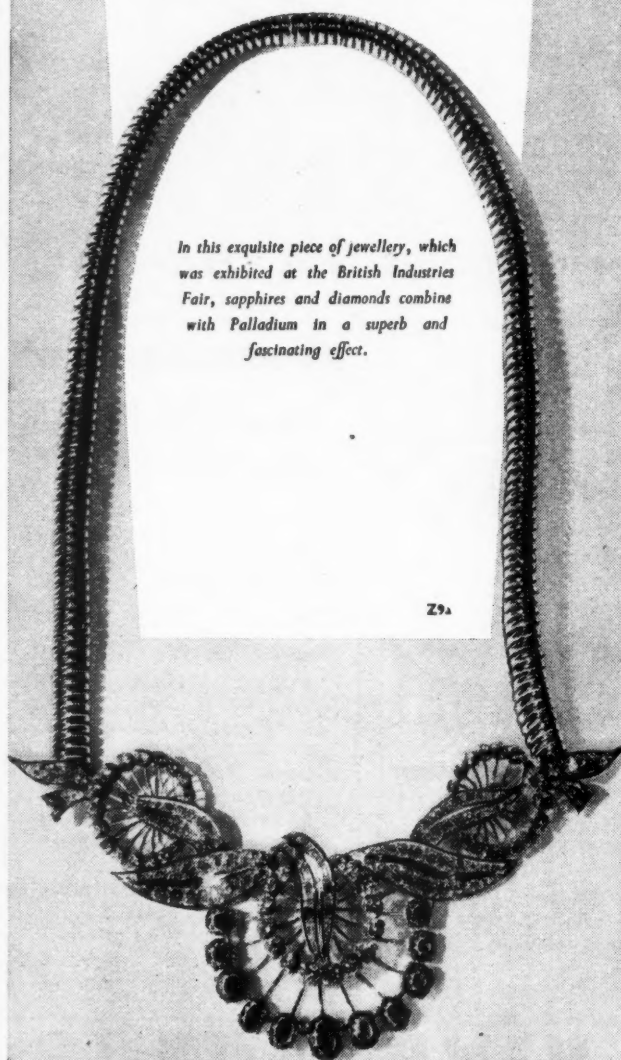
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★Motoluxe Rugs too  
are now available.

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*In this exquisite piece of jewellery, which was exhibited at the British Industries Fair, sapphires and diamonds combine with Palladium in a superb and fascinating effect.*

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**CARPETS:** *Please consult us. We have a particularly good range of plain carpets in many attractive colours. Let us measure and estimate for your requirements.*

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*specialise in Furnishing Fabrics, Carpets and Household Linens*

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Steel Arch Bridge gives firm, bracing support at the vital arch of the shoe.



Perfectly Flat Innersole permits natural walking, free from strain, on a flat surface.



Metatarsal Pad protects the delicate bones around the ball of the foot.



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with  
inbuilt comfort**



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**ARCH  
PRESERVER**  
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**Brannock fitted by Manfield**  
in multiple fittings to each size and half size

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way to  
Personal  
Freshness**



**Sno-Mist gives  
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SNO-MIST is a joy because it is such an easy way to ensure the day-long freshness on which fastidious women insist. A press of the finger and the clever Puffer-pack blows a mist of silky, deodorising powder just where it is needed. Stops all odour, checks perspiration, harmless to fabrics, soothes after under-arm shaving. From chemists, 2/3. 1,000 puffs in every pack.

**SNO-MIST** deodorising  
**POWDER**

*Benvenuto Cellini*  
1500—1571

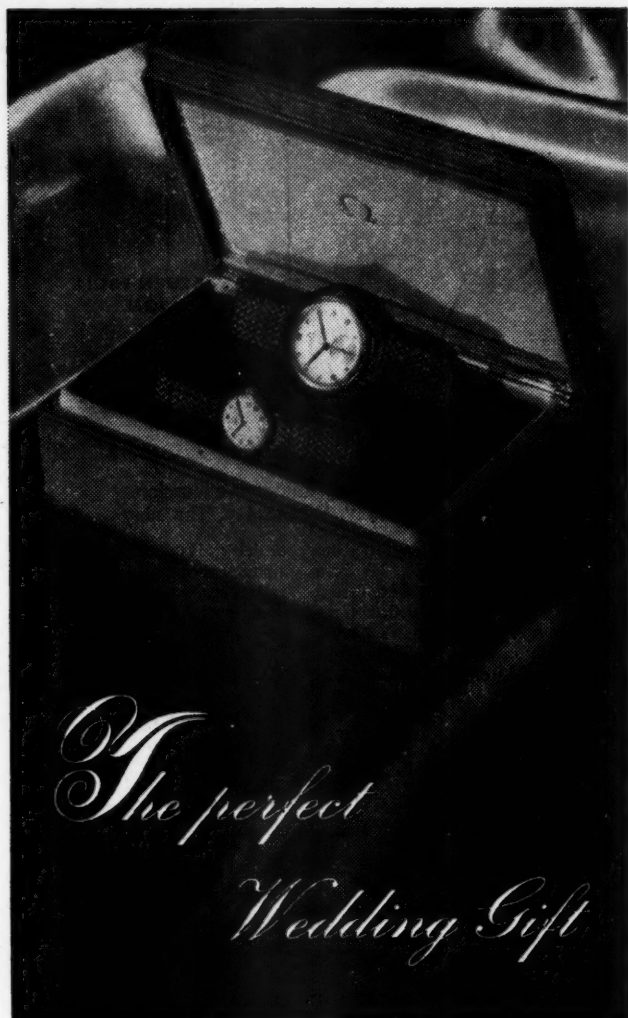


Florentine, braggart, superb craftsman, Benvenuto Cellini worked in gold and silver for Popes and Kings. A salt-cellar made for Francis I of France was his most famous and extravagant feat.

Time and judicious cleaning enhance silver's beauty. Goddard's polishes are chosen to preserve and display in their full magnificence the most priceless museum-pieces in the world.

**Goddard's Silver Polishes**

Plate Powder • Silver Polish • Silver Cloths • Silver Wool



*The perfect  
Wedding Gift*

Here is something so much more than just a wedding present; here is a valuable personal gift that both will cherish for a life-time.

He will marvel at the thinness and accuracy of his self-winding Omega Automatic. She will delight in wearing a gold watch and bracelet that will be a constant, graceful reminder of her happy wedding day.

These elegantly matched gold watches are exquisite examples of Omega's skill which is born of 100 years' experience in the manufacture of fine timepieces.

Awarded the world's highest timing certificate (Kew-Teddington Observatory), called upon to time the last three Olympic Games, Omega present in this gold "Duet" their latest creation in the science of watchmaking—a man's watch that "goes for ever" without winding.

*Twin 9-carat gold watches and bracelets in rich pigskin casket £146  
Other Omega watches from £16 to £85.10.0*

Ω  
**OMEGA**

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A Jamal wave brings out  
your individuality. All we  
hairdressers know it's  
right for any hairstyle—  
short or long."

*Jamal*

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...MACHINELESS  
...KINDEST TO YOUR HAIR

*we shall have*  
**MOUSSEC**  
*wherever we go!*



ASK AT THE BAR FOR A BABY MOUSSEC

(One Champagne Glass)



**YEAST** *with*  
*more PUNCH-*  
*That's DCL*

Every tablet of D.C.L. Yeast is packed full of energy — natural health-giving energy without a trace of drugs or chemical stimulants.

This super powerful yeast provides more natural Vitamin B, than any other yeast or natural food. It feeds and fortifies body, nerves and brain.

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*insist on*

**DCL**

*Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>*

**YEAST TABLETS**

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

100 TABLETS 3/9

50 TABLETS 2/3

Sole Manufacturers: THE DISTILLERS CO., LTD., EDINBURGH



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Special 30-day midweek excursion  
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TRAVEL TO IRELAND THE EASY WAY

**AER LINGUS**

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**Lembar**

Invalid Lembar from Chemists only  
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*The Safety with the Hollow Ground  
Blade, Stropped and Honed  
in its case*



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the finest  
made**

*Driway Weathercoats and Sportswear are  
stocked by leading stores and outfitters  
throughout the country.*

## "Waukeezi" QUALITY SHOES FOR MEN



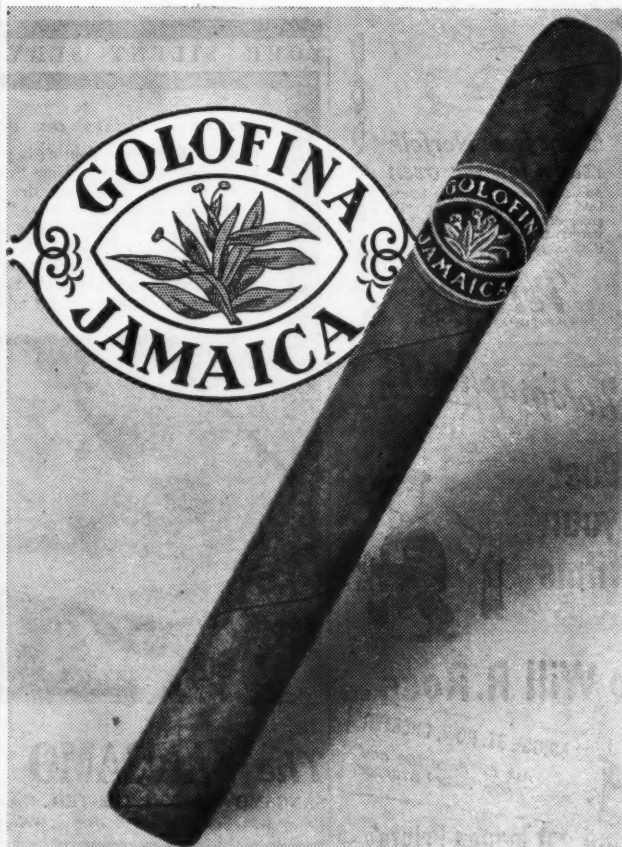
The "CHAPLI" SANDAL. A supremely comfortable Eastern style Man's Sandal, made on a special last. Ideal for summer wear on all occasions.

*If this model is out  
of stock there will be  
other WAUKEEZI  
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**...YOUR SHOE SYMBOL**

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Game from Norfolk  
ready for the oven

An unique service to private households. Send 2d. stamp for leaflet "P" giving details of Pettitts family food storage scheme.  
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OF REEDHAM NORFOLK

*Photographers!*

Post  
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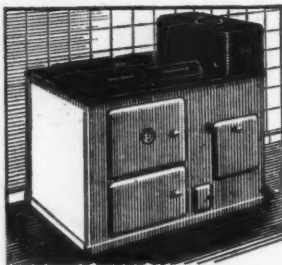
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Ask for Price List and  
Special Postal Wrapper

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THE COOKER THAT  
HEATS WATER AT THE SAME TIME



### AMAZING FUEL ECONOMY

Designed to balance and conserve heat with automatic fuel feed and temperature control means lower fuel consumption and NO WASTE.

### PERFECT COOKING FOR 2 OR 20

Heat without fumes; 3 separate ovens for baking, simmering and warming; 2 generous hot-plates for fast or slow cooking—mean cooking perfection and ample space.

### CONSTANT HOT WATER

Unaffected by cooking, water is heated day and night to supply all normal kitchen and bathroom needs.

Price £80 plus delivery.

Deferred terms available.

Write for illustrated leaflet to Dept. D  
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double-duty  
Cooker & Water Heater

Not just cooking or hot water from the one unit but BOTH whenever you want them. That double-duty feature of the AB means BIG savings—in money, in time and in labour. But you get much more. THREE ovens. two large hotplates. Balanced heat conserved and controlled to avoid waste. Fume-free cooking for perfect flavourful, juicy foods. Handsome, easy-to-clean, cream and black enamelled kitchen beauty for the house-proud. A fire that needs refuelling only twice in 24 hours. You won't know how lucky you can be until you own the AB—and it soon pays back the money you invest in it! Write for free descriptive literature and details of save-as-you-pay terms to the address below.

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OF/OR  
candies



of  
delicate,  
exclusive  
and irresistible flavour

M. A. CRAVEN & SON, LTD., FRENCH ALMOND WORKS, YORK

MY CLOTHES ARE  
ALWAYS SO NEAT!  
& FRESH!

The reason is simple, I use "JUMBO", a modern Garment Bag by JEKMOH, which protects clothes from MOTH, DUST and DAMP. "JUMBO" 36" zipp opening gives quick, easy access. Material, extra strong reinforced transparent treated plastic, in 4 colours. Zipp gives aeration. Its strong rust-proofed steel frame will hold 8 garments on hangers, and a swivel hook facilitates hanging. Size 56" x 19½" x 7½". A man's dinner or dress suit needs JEKMOH protection. Obtainable at all leading Departmental Stores price 33/9 each. If you are unable to obtain locally write direct to:



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Correct breathing has improved the physical and mental health of thousands of happy people.

Learn to BREATHE the Knowles Way. Send 2d. for absorbing free booklet which fully describes the benefits of correct breathing.

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Ease  
that sore throat with  
**Simpkin's**  
THROAT PELLETS



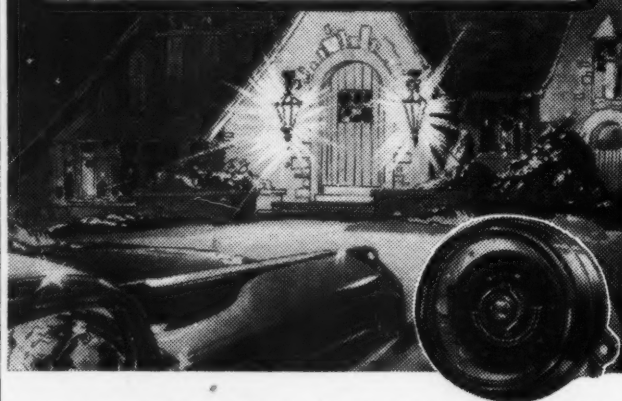
8½ PER TIN Slips easily into  
vest pocket or handbag

FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

## YOUR SILENT SERVANT IN THE HOME

### Switches lights on and off automatically

Control of domestic lighting is yet another example of the way in which the Sangamo Time Switch makes life more easy and more pleasant. Just set the switch and porch or landing lights will automatically come "on" either at sunset or at any fixed time, and "off" at any convenient time. Or you can use the Sangamo Time Switch to switch on your radio or your immersion heater or your electric blanket, your electric kettle or any similar electrical circuit. Your contractor will give you full information—or write to the address below for further details.



## The SANGAMO TIME SWITCH

SANGAMO WESTON LIMITED, Great Cambridge Road, Enfield, Middx.  
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ALL THE WORLD OVER

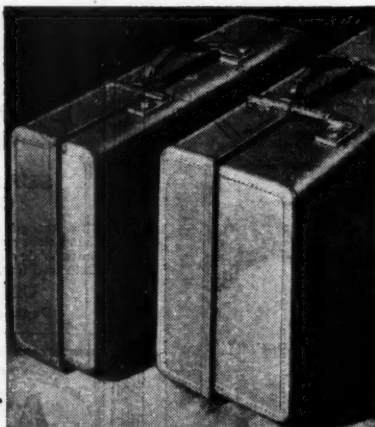
At Kandy, Ceylon

Nothing is allowed to compromise the quality of anything marked Tootal. The same laboratory-testing, the same standards, the same conditions of the famous Tootal Guarantee, remain as before. Helping Britain's credit abroad

**TOOTAL**  
REGD.

FABRICS · HANDKERCHIEFS · TIES

**Goodbye  
to packing  
problems!**



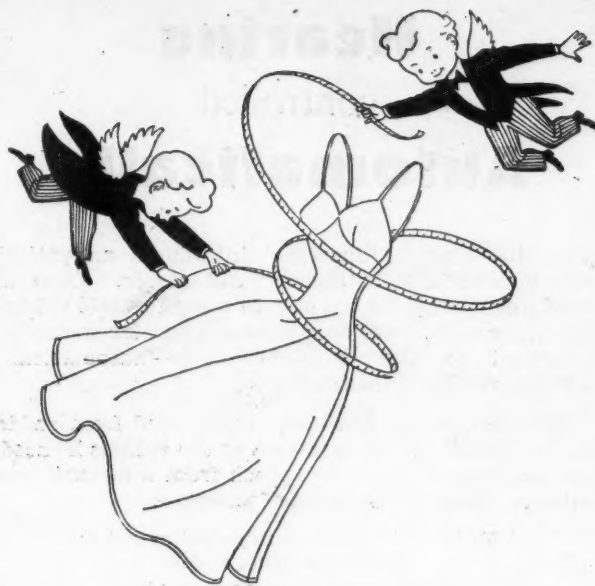
THE SAME CASE PACKED FOR A WEEKEND OR A MONTH

THE REVELATION SUITCASE expands to hold all you need for a month's visit, contracts for a week-end. There's always room in it... for the things you nearly forgot... for things you buy while you're away. And one suitcase to carry instead of two or three makes travelling so much easier. The Revelation is light but very strong and its workmanship is famous. Yet there's one for five guineas. Ask your stores or luggage-shop.

**REVELATION** THE SUITCASE THAT'S  
ANY SIZE YOU LIKE!



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*Tailored with  
you in mind*

**KAYSER  
BONDOR**  
*Lingerie*

IN SEVEN SIZES

**Tomorrow's  
Shoes  
Today**



This fine shoe in specially soft tan calf, with crepe sole and heavy brass buckle, is built (under patent) on platform having vertical welt and recess. No nails are used. Obtainable at all leading shoe stores.



COLES  
**Corsair**  
REGD.

**'NO NAIL' SHOES**  
Provisional Patent No. 6559/49

THE COLES BOOT CO. LTD. BURTON LATIMER, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, ENGLAND



# Hearing controlled Automatically

The Multitone "Monostat" introduces an entirely new development in Hearing Aid design. Once the instrument is set by the user to a comfortable volume, all louder sounds are decreased and quieter sounds are increased to this suitable level — automatically, without further adjustment.

This means that the user is protected from sudden noises, listens to conversations at the volume he needs, and can follow a play or speech from a distant stage without missing the quieter passages.

Write for the Monostat Booklet or call at  
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for a test and 7 days' free home trial.

This unique instrument with its self-contained long life batteries weighs only 6½ ozs.

**MULTITONE**

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# 34/-

THE SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND has declared, for the 5 years, 1944-48, a reversionary bonus of 34/- per cent. per annum compound.

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Following the war-time declaration at the high rate of 30/-, the new bonus is a worthy addition to the Society's Unique Record of bonuses. Ask, without obligation, for an example of a policy for yourself.



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*Famous*  
**ECCLES**  
*Caravans*

The FIRST name in Caravans. Introduced 26 years ago and still accepted as the standard by which all Caravans are judged. Range includes the 13ft.3/4-berth "ACTIVE," and the 15ft. 4-berth "ENTERPRISE."

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**SIGNORINETTA** (1905)

Bay or brown filly by Chaleureux—Signorina

Signorinetta, bred, owned and trained by the Italian Chevalier Ginistrelli, is one of five fillies to win the Derby as well as the Oaks. The odds against her for the Derby were 100 to 1, but for the Oaks at 3 to 1 she was the second favourite. Before her sire and dam were mated, Signorina whinnied so persistently to Chaleureux whenever she passed his paddock that the emotional Ginistrelli declared—"Since they are so much in love, they shall be married!"

This series is presented by the House of Cope as a tribute to the fine traditions of the Turf. During 54 years of service to sportsmen, David Cope, Ltd., have jealously guarded those traditions. May we send you a copy of our illustrated brochure?

You can  
depend  
on  
**COPE'S**

**DAVID COPE** Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4

"The World's Best Known Turf Accountants"

## THE OAKWORTH



### SEASONED OAK Greenhouse

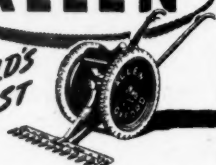
Max. strength Will not warp. Max. light. No foundations needed. Complete pre-fabricated units. Wide range or specials. Deferred terms. Delivered free. 1d. Stamp for free brochure.

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# ALLEN

THE  
WORLD'S  
FINEST



## MOTOR SCYTHE

The most efficient and easy way of keeping down rough growth, coarse grass, bracken, etc. Powered by 1½ h.p. engine fitted with Easy-Turn Ratchet Drive. With attachments it can be used for spraying, hedge trimming, hoeing, etc. Demonstrations arranged.

Send for details.

**JOHN ALLEN & SONS**  
(OXFORD) LTD. (Dept. F)  
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**for easier  
cleaning**

Shell Chemicals are concerned today with making life not only easier but brighter and healthier. Wherever there is cleaning to be done—in the home, in the canteen, in hotels, in fact wherever food is prepared and served—the new cleaners, based on Shell detergents, play a vital role. As well as saving valuable fats, they are making possible higher standards of hygiene and cleaning efficiency. For a great achievement in the public interest,



**thank Shell Chemicals**

**Self winding**

**20 jewels**



*The model illustrated  
will be available in July.*

*A Rotary  
Masterpiece*

The latest Rotary creation is the watch that winds as you wear it. The 20 Jewel Rotary Lever Movement fitted to this remarkable watch has been specially designed to give perfect time-keeping. The self-winding device keeps the mainspring at a constant tension and provides a power reserve of 36 hours. (This means that the watch will run for 36 hours when not in wear.) The Rotary patent shock-absorber protects the watch against accidental dropping. The red sweep-second hand gives timing to 1/5 second. From £13.10.6.

**ROTARY**  
  
**WATCHES**

*Accuracy and distinction at a reasonable price*

**Ask your jeweller for ROTARY—by name**

**I wonder if  
it's kept by  
Kelvinator**



That's a mighty important thought! But she need not worry. All over the country, Kelvinator Electric Refrigeration is ensuring freshness and hygiene in food supplies. And that's a big step towards a healthier nation. Ask your Grocer, your Butcher and your Fishmonger if your food is—"Kept by Kelvinator."

**SAFEGUARD YOUR  
FAMILY'S HEALTH**



**insist it's kept by Kelvinator**

KELVINATOR LIMITED

CREWE AND LONDON



*When there's a  
shower  
in the month...*

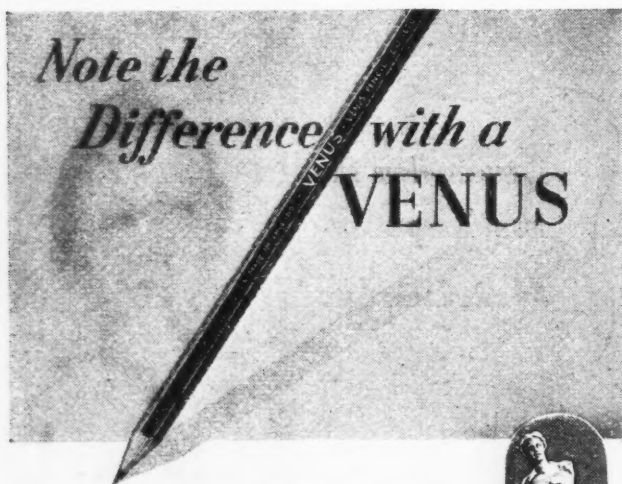
Rain has no terrors for men in Aquascutum raincoats. They're easy-fitting in wool or cotton gaberdine, and the worst that these months can do beats in vain on their stout proofing.

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*Player's  
"No Name"  
Tobacco.*

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Vol. CCXVI No. 5659

May 25 1949

## Charivaria

No matter what restrictions there are, says a home page writer, the average boarding-house keeper will not be worried. She will just curry on.

"Queueing makes people age quickly," writes a columnist. So that, by the time the desk is reached and the passport obtained, the photograph is usually a good likeness.

"Churchill's Gathering Storm: Lady's Rubberproof, S.W. Full details, Box —." — *Advt. in "Aberdeen Press and Journal"*  
Literally and figuratively.



Film producers differ as to whether background music adds realism to a picture. Even hardened habitués of the cinema sometimes ask why a symphony orchestra should be stationed just out of sight in every psychiatrist's consulting-room.

"Experienced clerk reqd.; also able to take cash occasionally..."  
*Advt. in "Recorder," Romford*  
Funny, no mention of a car.

An astrologer claims that he recently caught a fleeting glimpse of an infinitely remote appointment with his National Health Service dentist.

According to an M.P., "Something will have to be done about typists who leave their jobs for more attractive work." They're naturally particular about how they're dictated to.

"The grip is all-important in mastering the graceful art of punting," says an expert. The difficulty is to learn to grip the punt with both feet at once.

A judge is of the opinion that the standard of commercial probity in this country is very high. Business men are more syndicate than sinning.

"DRAUGHTS IN CHURCH

CHURCH CONGREGATION WANT SOMETHING DONE"  
*Headings in Surrey paper*  
Somebody's chess weak?



The hobby of a peer is signwriting. As there is a steady demand for *Teas and Minerals* signs from fellow noblemen launching out in light catering on their ancestral estates he may take it up professionally.

The Arsenal Football Club have been asked to use a white ball when they play evening matches in Rio. Keen Brazilian football fans have suggested that the referee be floodlit.

"It may be that if we concentrate more pedestrians on crossings, more pedestrians will be injured at these points, but fewer on other parts of the roads." — *"Hansard"*  
That's right, they can't have it both ways.

A dog-breeder says the dachshund is not as popular as it was about fifteen years ago. That was when the radio was constantly blaring "Get a Long, Little Doggie!"



## Sunday Supper

ON Sunday nights the Barleys usually had supper from the trolley. The idea was to save trouble.

On this particular but representative Sunday evening it was eight o'clock before Mrs. Barley asked Mr. Barley what he would like to eat; to which he answered, "Oh, anything. A sandwich. Something quick that isn't too much trouble."

This was Mr. Barley's definition of a sandwich. Mrs. Barley put two eggs in a saucepan and Mr. Barley came out to help. The first way he helped was by washing the lettuce.

"It's funny how that always happens to you," said Mrs. Barley as a fan of tap-water struck him in the chest. When he had changed into his dressing-gown and slippers he went into the sitting-room and pushed the trolley up to the fire. They found it easier to leave it there and bring the things in by hand, because its wheels went different ways and it had awful trouble with the hall. The jerk when Mr. Barley launched the trolley from its corner knocked a beer-bottle over, and Mrs. Barley, coming in with some cold cauliflower she hoped to sell him in a sandwich, said "You really need to take everything off it first."

It was to Mrs. Barley's credit that having made this sort of remark she knew that if anyone had said it to her she would have felt as Mr. Barley looked. Anyway he took the beer-bottles off and mopped up the water from a jug of buttercups.

When the trolley had been laid and everything needed for the sandwiches put on the table, Mr. Barley sat down hopefully and Mrs. Barley said there was some soup first. "I don't think I want any really," he said; so she put the saucepan down by the fireplace and turned to the sandwiches.

Mrs. Barley sometimes wondered what it was about cutting sandwiches. The bread-and-butter part was easy, or would have been if the Barleys' bread didn't always have a weak place through the middle; and then it was only a question of getting the stuff on and the slices together. Mrs. Barley transferred the mashed egg in knife-fuls. Then she put a lettuce-leaf on and some slices of tomato and bits of radish. The cauliflower she thought about and then tipped in the soup. The sandwich-pile was five inches high and seeming to totter, and Mrs. Barley acted not a moment too soon when she brought the top piece of bread-and-butter down with a force that threw out a slice of tomato. The lettuce worked like a spring and the sandwich rose slowly again.

"I've cut it in half but I daren't do more," she said to Mr. Barley, who took the plate on his knee and looked round for the coffee, which Mrs. Barley had seized off the chair-arm just before he nearly put his book there. Meanwhile Mrs. Barley had placed her own huge full plate of soup on the trolley, which Mr. Barley drew towards him to get at the sugar. It was not so much the wheels this time as the book on the carpet.

When Mrs. Barley had got some dry sugar and mopped the soup up she put the plate on a thin cork mat on the table. The idea was to use the mat as a tray on her knee, but luckily the mat bent as she lifted it and spilt the soup before she got it off the table, and she still had the mopping-up cloth.

The obvious course was to keep the soup-plate on the table, and anyway she wanted to be ready for Mr. Barley's next sandwich. The present one he was eating off the floor;

that is, he was sitting in his arm-chair and bending right down and cramming the bits in his face. Whenever he came up he gasped. Mrs. Barley was sorry for him but thought he was overdoing it.

"It's funny how even these tiny bits of cauliflower have stayed cold," she said conversationally. Mr. Barley answered by holding his plate out, and this time Mrs. Barley put the tomato on the egg before the lettuce. "Will you be having another?" she asked. Mr. Barley said no, and as Mrs. Barley was not going to want a sandwich after her soup she put the rest of the egg on top of the lettuce, so that no improvement in structure was effected. Mr. Barley said he would eat this sandwich whole. He put the plate on his knee and seized the sandwich in both hands. He seemed to be suffering, but Mrs. Barley knew the food was doing him good. When he had finished that sandwich he asked if he could have another after all, so Mrs. Barley fetched the cheese she had meant to incorporate earlier and made him a lovely flat one which she cut into four triangles. The inside fell out of each triangle as he picked it up, but, as she told him, it tasted the same separately.

All this was not so straightforward as it sounds, for while Mr. Barley ate his sandwiches he had to be refuelled with coffee. The first time he helped himself; by putting his foot on the edge of his plate, which was luckily empty but for egg-crumbs, and bringing it up sharply against his ankle, he got near enough to the coffee-pot to lift it up and over, or rather through, Mrs. Barley's cup and saucer, which were luckily also empty as she was waiting till after her soup.

Something to do with the way he was sitting prevented him from getting his other hand to the lid of the pot, so he yelled, just in time for Mrs. Barley to drop her newspaper and deflect the lid on to Mr. Barley's lap. For his third cup he saw fit to apply to Mrs. Barley, who realized that if he had been pouring it he would have taken only half a cup and left her a whole instead of the other way round.

When Mr. Barley had finished his sandwiches he said he would like something else. Mrs. Barley said there were some dry biscuits. Would he like some more cheese? "I think," said Mr. Barley, thinking, "that what I want is honey." So Mrs. Barley fetched the biscuits and honey and they cleared a corner of the table and stood and ate them there. You don't take chances with honey.

After supper Mr. Barley pushed the trolley out while Mrs. Barley cleared the table. As he lifted it over the mat-edges he said some angry things, but he got it to the kitchen without actually breaking anything. It was after a quarter to ten by the time they had washed up and put everything away and swept the floor; which, as Mrs. Barley said, was no later than after a proper meal that had taken as much longer to cook than it should as a proper meal always did.

ANDE

## Health Service

"PLEASE, Doctor," cried the patient, "say—  
Has my lumbago come to stay?"—  
The Doctor answered "Oh, dear no,  
Just lumbacome . . . and lumbago."

WOON



#### ANNALS OF A BRANCH LINE

viii—*Example of consideration for passengers' comfort on sections where normal amenities are lacking*



## A St. Bernard Goes to Work

**I**F I have in recent months spared readers any account of the doings of Marcus, my beautiful, amiable, incredibly stupid and incredibly lazy St. Bernard, it is because St. Bernards hibernate in the winter, and therefore have no doings.

I think Marcus actually terminated his hibernation some weeks ago, but there is so little difference between a St. Bernard asleep and a St. Bernard awake that we did not notice. However, a day came when two loaves of bread, a cake, a pound of sugar, eight kippers and a packet of fire-lighters disappeared in the time it took my wife to take off her hat, and we realized that the prostrate figure under the kitchen table was no longer a hibernating St. Bernard, but rather a St. Bernard resting after the exertion of feeding.

It was shortly after this that the most testing time in Marcus's life came. The vicar called—he was trying to

boost the rather stagnant circulation of the parish magazine—and couldn't get inside the front gate. This was because the call of spring in Marcus's veins had made him feel like a little exercise, and, starting first thing after breakfast, he had tramped as far as the gate, where he had collapsed and was now waiting for strength to return to him for the walk home. In such circumstances it would have taken more than just one vicar to get that gate open. However, this particular vicar's mortification at finding that the faith that could remove mountains could not remove St. Bernards was quite outweighed by his delight in Marcus.

"What a magnificent dog!" he exclaimed. "Magnificent! He must come to our Spring Fayre."

"I don't think Spring Fayres are much in Marcus's line," I said.

"But of course he must come! He will be a great attraction. I have such a good idea! We will tie a little keg

round his neck, and he can scamper around among the patrons collecting money in it."

My wife and I exchanged a look. The picture of a St. Bernard scampering was altogether too imaginative for us.

"It will be charming!" said the vicar with growing enthusiasm. "Everybody will want to give money to such a beautiful dog. We shall show a record profit. Promise me you will bring him along, and I will have his little keg all ready for him."

Being moral cowards, my wife and I each left it to the other to say "No!" with the result that the vicar got his promise.

We gave Marcus a very special grooming for the Spring Fayre with the garden-rake and the carpet broom. My wife wanted me to give him a bath, but I said No. For one thing, we hadn't a bath his size, and for another we shouldn't have been able to get



him into it. The only way to wash Marcus is to hose him down like a car, but we tried this only once; he gave himself rheumatism because he was too lazy to shake himself dry afterwards.

The Spring Fayre was being held in the Parish Hall if wet. It was two roads away, and my wife and I spent a sleepless night wondering how on earth we were going to get Marcus there. If he had known our plans for him, Marcus also would probably have spent a—but, no! One can as readily imagine a St. Bernard scampering as passing a sleepless night.

"Tell him it's time for his walk," suggested my wife, after lunch. "Once he's started, keep luring him on, a foot or two at a time, until he's there."

(I, of course, was going on ahead with Marcus. My wife would follow an hour or so later, and catch us up.)

"Not at all. The thing is to conceal from him that he is going for a walk. If he for a moment suspects that we are going to have the inhuman cruelty to take him for a walk there will be tears. Diplomacy is the thing. Pass me his dish."

She gave me the zinc bath in which Marcus's meals are served, and I put a small snack inside—just a bag of houndmeal, half a loaf and a couple of pounds of cold potatoes, flavoured with a tin of meat soup. Then, carrying the bath out of his reach, I called Marcus outside.

We probably made a somewhat strange spectacle on our trek to the Parish Hall—a famished St. Bernard lurching sleepily after a man walking backwards and holding a tin bath above his head. But we got there without Marcus realizing he had been taken for a walk. He swallowed his snack as though it had been an aspirin and settled down to sleep, and I went back to meet my wife. I wasn't afraid of Marcus straying while I was away.

When we returned the vicar had slung a small keg, with a slit for coins, around Marcus's massive neck, and was trying to induce him to start work. Marcus considered he was working quite hard enough already, having to sleep under the weight of a keg. My wife and I, exerting together our full powers of command, managed to hypnotize him into rising. Under his crippling weight he staggered miserably to his feet, rather like a horse on an icy road, and once he was up I shoved a wooden box under him so that he couldn't lie down again. He then started business.

Fortunately for the success of the vicar's scheme there were a good many children present, and Marcus



"Good morning, madam—I represent the Sterilo Phone-Cleaning Service . . ."

adores children. They fell on him in heaps and worshipped him, and Marcus, standing up to the impact with the help of the box under him, let a couple of feet of pink tongue out of his mouth and smiled at them. He did not actually play with them of course, but he allowed them to play with him, and, on my whispered instructions, a gang of ten or a dozen of the sturdiest youngsters got together and pushed Marcus around the hall. For a moment Marcus forgot that he was being made to walk, forgot the killing toil of carrying his keg. He was being admired, and he was with children. He was almost happy.

And then a terrible thing happened to him. Somebody put a coin into his keg. Somebody else followed suit. In no time the coins were rattling in.

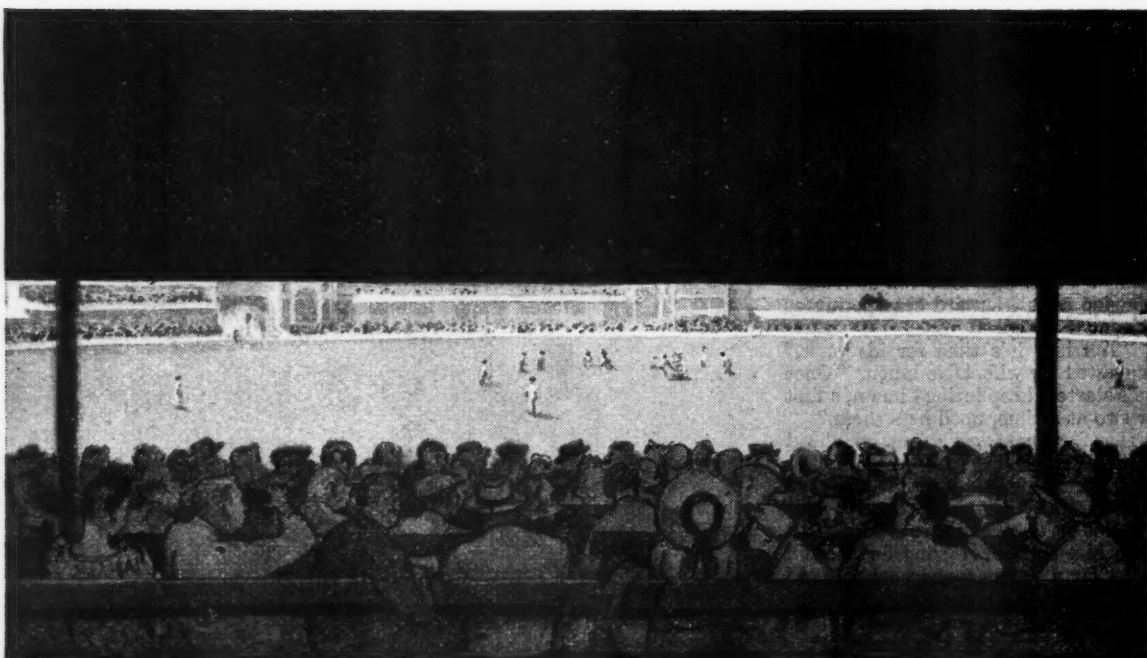
You are familiar with the parable of the camel and the load of straw. It would be as true to translate it into terms of a St. Bernard collecting money in a keg at his neck. It was pitiable to see him sag a little lower every time a coin went in. It took, I should judge, about five shillings to stop him being mobile. The children redoubled their efforts. Calling in reinforcements and packing-down like a rugger-scrum, they nearly burst their small blood-vessels trying to keep him on the move. But he was beyond that.

Poor Marcus! He shuddered when he saw anybody approaching him with a coin, he turned on them a gaze of pleading reproach that should have melted the stoniest heart. Unfortunately, his patrons did not read it that way. You have to know a St. Bernard very well indeed before you can detect any expression in his face. They actually thought he was enjoying himself.

It was bound to happen. Lower and lower he sank beneath his frightful load. At last it came. Somebody popped a mere sixpenny-piece into his keg. Marcus uttered a strangled moan and gave way. The keg, with Marcus's head attached, dropped to the floor. For a moment he wavered on his legs, like a great ship, storm-battered but proud, riding out the gale. Then, with a vast sigh, he followed his head to the floor and went to sleep pillowed on his keg.

"Never mind, he has worked splendidly! said the vicar cheerfully. "Everybody will be most interested to see how much he has taken when the accounts are published."

But the accounts have yet to be published. They cannot even be made up yet—not until the exhausted Marcus wakes and we can get at his keg of money.



## Lord's

THE New Zealand cricketers created a most favourable impression at Lord's even before they played there or, indeed, played anywhere on their present tour. It seems that they visited the ground with decent haste as soon as their ship docked, stood suitably awed and exalted before the treasures of the Long Room, and pleased every official and member by the shrewdness and deftness of their questions. This is really a very great compliment to Mr. Hadlee's team, for the officials at Lord's are not easy to please. Their definition of a fool would be one who betrays any hint of disrespect or casualness in his attitude to cricket, and they do not suffer fools at all gladly.

The genuine enthusiast, however, is treated with uncommon courtesy and really remarkable hospitality. No sign of irritation or boredom mars the serenity of the officials' distinguished, sun-baked features when awkward or misguided questions are posed. The answers roll out with the oiled precision of Jardine's leg-glance—"No, sir, that is not a leather-jacket"; "The actual playing area is about four and a half acres, though the freehold property of the M.C.C. covers nearly twenty acres"; "The slope? Well, from west

to east the declivity measures seven feet, six inches, so that the gradient is roughly one in sixty. This slope helps surface water to drain away very quickly, so that although our subsoil is heavy clay we always resume play after rain long before they do at the Oval"; "Albert Trott's is the only recorded hit to clear the pavilion, though Hammond has smashed windows in the Long Room, and in 1945



Keith Miller flaked a coping-stone near the roof"; "We have seating accommodation for twenty-five thousand and a maximum capacity of thirty-three thousand. Our biggest headaches are to keep the seats clean and to provide adequate ancillary services for a capacity crowd." Facts and figures like these now stand three

and four deep round the mind of this enthusiast, and he is duly grateful to Colonel R. S. Rait-Kerr, the secretary of the M.C.C., to the charming lady curator of the Long Room collection and to Sir Pelham Warner, the G.O.M. of the game, for their careful handling and marshalling of the crowd.

Lord's is the headquarters of the Marylebone Cricket Club, which is itself the headquarters of the game of cricket. The club has seven thousand five hundred members and a long, long waiting-list. Before 1918, it was possible to be added to this list in infancy or earlier, so it is not really surprising to learn that there are about thirty members alive and critical to-day who joined the club more than seventy years ago. The present minimum age-limit of fourteen years gives a fellow a reasonable chance of election at the age of forty or thereabouts. If the candidate uses these years of apprenticeship wisely he should be able to take his place in the pavilion without embarrassment, with the statistics of the game at his fingertips and with a fund of spectacular reminiscences always on tap. It takes a long time for the mind to magnify a simple lofted drive and a running catch into "Did I ever tell you about that amazing business in '06?"



Before the war M.C.C. members were readily identifiable by reason of their cigars, their habit of sleeping through the first twenty overs after lunch, and their ability to get to their feet once every fifty years to pay homage to the very great; but not by their ties. Being "stood up for" at Lord's is the highest honour any cricketer can



receive. As the hero retires from the wicket the pavilion rises as one man in spontaneous acclamation. To the creaking of joints and the snapping of sinews there is added the music of frenzied clapping and loud "Bravos," and the demonstration continues while the miracle-man runs the fifty yards gauntlet through the Long Room and upstairs to the dressing-room. Only four players, this enthusiast understands, have been fêted thus—Grace, Hammond, Bradman and an otherwise inconsiderable university batsman of long ago.

The story of the M.C.C. tie is so typically and conventionally English that it should certainly be in every foreigner's repertory. When the club first adopted its present colours—a daring combination of yellow and red—it was suggested, with just a hint of malice, that they might easily be mistaken for those of another famous sporting institution, and as a result the inner ring of M.C.C. stalwarts boycotted the new tie (and hat-band) with studied superiority. Soon it became apparent that the wearing of the club tie was simply not done and stocks accumulated on the outfitters' shelves. Then came the war and a marked deterioration in the national tie situation. As ordinary neckwear frayed and dropped to pieces, so the despised yellow and red assumed a new attractiveness which eventually grew so powerful that by 1945 the tie was back where it was always intended to be. There has been some shrinkage in

its prestige since, but not enough to put it right out of circulation.

It is surely impossible for a cricket-lover to visit Lord's on a fine day without feeling uplifted and enraptured. By general consent there is no cricket-ground in the world capable of rousing so keen an appetite for the game, and a long line of writers on cricket have tried to explain why this is so. Some maintain that the secret lies in the rich mists of history and tradition that cover the playing field, or, perhaps, in the mind's eye of the spectator as he glares into the penumbral gloom projected by the ring of stands and recreates the drama of the past. There is something of truth here, for Lord's is the most amphitheatrical of all our cricket-grounds and responds immediately to the mood of the day-dreamer.

For this enthusiast, however, the secret lies much deeper, in the realization that Lord's can restore his self-respect. As a young man his joy in cricket was always accompanied by a mild feeling of shame. "This passion for the game is hopelessly illogical," he thought, "it will destroy me." His parents thought so too. "Why," they would say, "you'll have cricket coming out of your ears!" Even now the guilt complex revives in him whenever he is too long away from Lord's: the magnificent obsession fades and is replaced by the besetting sin. But once through the Grace gate—where Australians have been known to doff their hats in instinctive homage—the enthusiast perks up and sheds his nagging doubts. For here are people so deeply bitten by the game that his own affliction shrinks to a mere flea-bite. Here is proof positive that to be crazy about cricket is to be one of a happy multitude of lunatics.

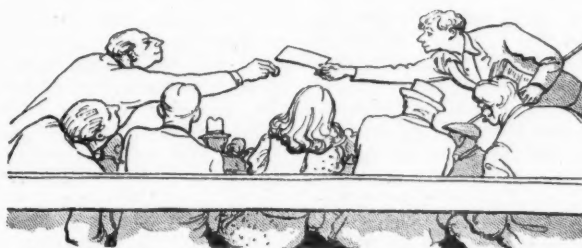
Those who find cricket slow and dull and clamour for revolutionary changes should study the mechanics of a game at Lord's. High up in the scorer's box above the new stand, a youth sits at controls a little more complicated and awesome than those of a giant excavator. At a word from the "home"

scorer he slips the contraption into gear and wrenches the driving wheel round and round. That is a "single" to Robertson. At the fall of a wicket the pace quickens fantastically. The scorer scribbles a note and hands it to an assistant who clips it into a metal tube and dispatches it by a sort of funicular railway to the printing-shop where the presses are hammering away at great stacks of score-cards. The latest news is set up in type, fed into the machines, and hustled into circulation.

Edrich's fallen wicket has other repercussions. In the Lord's bakery quick decisions are taken about the influence of this tragedy on the course of the match, the probable number of spectators after lunch and the resultant consumption of refreshments. In the Tavern new barrels are tapped as the thirsty retreat from the boundary rails for a brief moment of relaxation. In the laundry . . . but that is enough surely to illustrate the point. Cricket at Lord's cannot possibly be speeded up to meet the demands of the hot-heads: it wouldn't be fair to the scorers, printers, caterers and general management.

The M.C.C. does not believe that a nation of "Slogger Dans" would produce brighter cricket, and puts its faith in a wider dissemination of correct principles and better opportunities to apply them. Its latest move, a very important one, is to sponsor a whole-sale inquiry into the state of English cricket, coaching methods, practising facilities and wickets. The inquiry is not inspired by any desire to build a new team of Test champions, but by a keen anxiety about the standard of cricket in the meadows and parks. In this age of the common man the M.C.C. is taking the wisest, longest, surest route towards—if you will excuse the term—cricketing democracy, and the next time this enthusiast is at Lord's (that is, to-morrow) he will follow the example of the Australians and raise his hat with an elegant sweep of whole-hearted approval.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



## At the Pictures

*A Letter to Three Wives—Miss Tatlock's Millions*

THERE is some excellent satire as well as a great deal of good fun in *A Letter to Three Wives* (Director: JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ), but it is unevenly distributed, so that the

the iniquities of their noble calling. Exceedingly funny, full of truth and well worked out, this episode also makes the daring point that school-teachers ought to be better paid and



[A Letter to Three Wives]

### REGISTERED MALE

Mrs. Hollingsway—LINDA DARNELL; Mrs. Phipps—ANN SOTHERN; Mrs. Bishop—JEANNE CRAIN; Mr. Phipps—KIRK DOUGLAS

middle one of the three flashbacks of which the film mainly consists seems a little overloaded with laughs in comparison with the others; but the whole thing is remarkably well done and full of imaginative touches—the director wrote the script—besides being extremely well played, and consistently enjoyable. The basic idea of the plot is not precisely explained: it depends on a letter to three young wives from another woman in which she announces that she has run off with one (unspecified) of the three husbands, and it's a bit unsatisfactory to have to assume that her reason for not saying which is simply to annoy—because we never see her, and are not told what she has against the unfortunate ladies. We hear her voice, introducing and commenting on certain scenes as if she were a supernatural spectator; perhaps we are meant to infer from her faintly acid way of summing people up that she is not nice to know. Yet it is that sort of acidity, in a different form, that is the strength of the satire in the second and third episodes—in the second particularly, which is full of cracks at commercial radio surprising to find in a popular, essentially "commercial" picture. This is the flashback in which the one of the three wives (ANN SOTHERN—a pleasure to see her again) who writes "soap opera" recalls a disastrous evening party at which her exasperated husband chose to harangue two humourless radio potentates about

more highly regarded, and even refrains from cautiously adding any arguments on the other side.

The third section gives LINDA DARNELL a rare chance to act, which she takes well, and decorates its conventional theme (gold-digger marries boss and learns to love him) with a wealth of comic invention. For people anxious about the main story—all ends happily and sentimentally; but you don't have to take any notice of the main story. A thoroughly cheerful and enjoyable film—for both the thinking and the unthinking.

My predominant feeling about *Miss Tatlock's Millions* (Director: RICHARD HAYDN) is regret; and this regret makes me want to philosophize about it rather than write it off in disgust, as some other reviewers have been tempted to do. I think the trouble is that the piece is aimed too much at a young, irresponsible audience of the kind usually summed up in the word (if it is a word) "teen-ager": youths and girls still young enough to regard madness as something to laugh at in itself, just old enough to be titillated by such scenes as those here in which the charming WANDA HENDRIX is called on to explain the meaning of "love" to a muscular young man she believes to be her brother, or to teach him the alphabet by tracing the letters one by one on his bare chest. To the adult mind such stuff seems childish

unpalatable; the young generation on which so many films rely for their profits will, I suppose, lap it up.

Yet all might have gone quite well. Forget the disagreeable slapstick of pretended madness and the questionable situation between the supposed brother and sister, and you can often be honestly amused. The characters are mostly types, to be sure (the usual ones to be found in a wealthy family in a film, with the addition of the usual one given to BARRY FITZGERALD), but they are played by experts; the dialogue tends in the long run to advance a plot that doesn't bear thinking about, but it has its bright lines. Yes, regret is my predominant feeling.

### Survey

In-town recommendation; the Academy's programme, the Italian *Angelina* and the French classic, CARNÉ's *Quai des Brumes*. Otherwise the best ones at the moment of writing are *Passport to Pimlico* (fun) and *Act of Violence* (more suspense). They may not still be showing, but look out for them.

Recommendation of films outside London is very difficult because (in spite of the convention of assuming that "general releases" are all everywhere in the same week) almost anything made in the last five years or more can turn up in your district at any time; you may not get at all the films that have just been released, or you may get them any week from now on, or you might find one or two of them to-day by taking a ten-mile bus-ride. I will pick out two, both murder stories, that are going about at present: *The Accused* and *Road House* (both noticed here on April 13th), both full of good suspense and crisp dialogue.

RICHARD MALLETT



[Miss Tatlock's Millions]

### IDIOT'S DELIGHT

Miles Tatlock—MONTY WOOLLEY;  
Tim Burke—JOHN LUND

## Better Best-Sellers

To Messrs. Stickleback and Spine,  
Publishers

GENTLEMEN,—I am sure you rejoice with me in the good news of the improvement in literary taste of readers in this country, of which such impressive evidence is given in the monthly series of Best-Seller Lists published in the *Sunday Times*.

It is heartening indeed to find the literary editor of the *Sunday Times*, Mr. Leonard Russell, commenting (on the first of these lists, published a month or more ago) that "the first thing the list suggests is that no longer does the term 'best-seller' imply a certain opprobrium."

You and I have long realized of course that a certain opprobrium did inevitably attach itself to those unfortunate best-sellers published by other publishers than yourselves and written by authors other than myself. We were not, I hope, uncharitable in our judgments, but we had to be honest.

And if we now continue to be honest I think we shall have to acknowledge that not only were our respective views on certain other publishers and authors necessarily influenced by the public taste for which they, perhaps excusably, catered, but the relation between yourselves and myself was at times considerably strained.

On the one hand, as I now perceive more clearly, it was difficult for you to say to me: "Frankly, this book of yours is too scholarly for our readers"; or "much too witty"; or "on an intellectual plane over our readers' heads." It would have been uncomfortable for you to confess that you required something less erudite, less serious-minded, less highbrow or less extensive in vocabulary. On the other hand, the fear was ever-present in your minds (I realize) that my books might sell in such large numbers as to plunge them and you into nothing less than opprobrium. What a quandary for a publisher!

Now, however, all that is going to be altered. With the *Oxford Classical Dictionary* selling well at fifty shillings, you and I need have no dubieties about the popularity of my vocabulary. With Bernard Shaw jostling James Thurber and Henry Cotton among the best-selling authors, both my wit and my admitted tendency to interpolate golf anecdotes in passages otherwise devoted to the Manichæan heresy are sure of appreciation. Nor can I think that readers who have fought tooth-and-nail in bookshops for the six-

volume, unabridged edition of Professor Arnold Toynbee's *A Study of History* will dismiss me with a shrug as too much of a scholar.

The remainder of this first *Sunday Times* Best-Seller List (not to mention the second) gives me, as no doubt it has already given you, further assurance that the public has at last reached the level of literary and scholarly appreciation which, had it been reached several years ago, would have saved you much unpleasant work and would have spared me and my family at least

seventeen silent and sombre breakfast-tables.

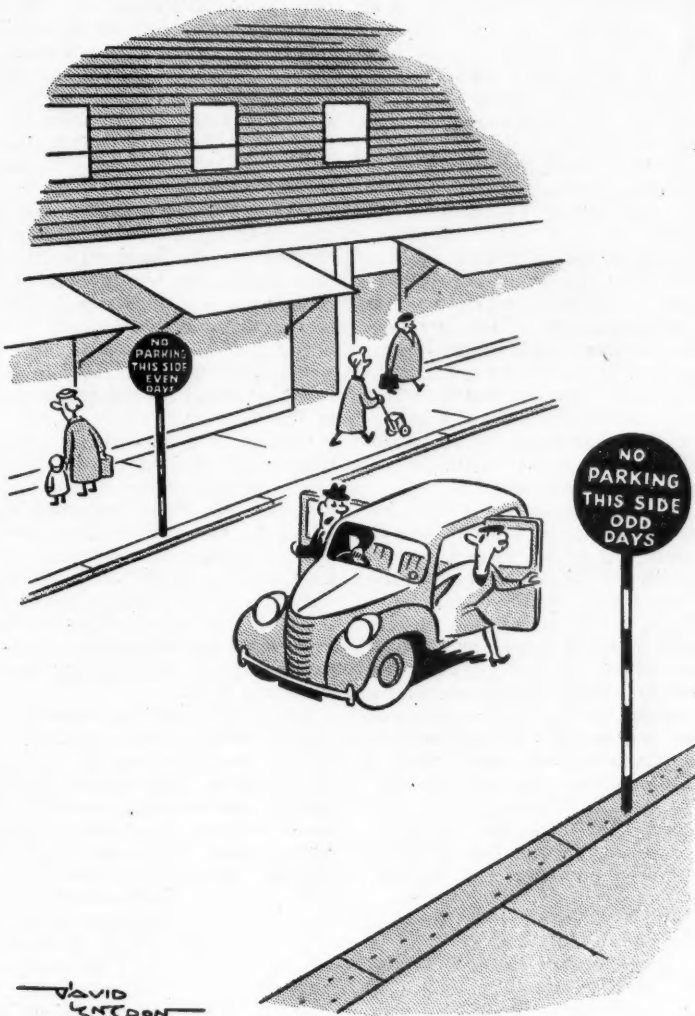
I am therefore enclosing herewith, with my cordial good wishes, the seventeen book-length manuscripts which you have been regretfully obliged to decline over a period of years and which you have doubtless sorrowfully believed lost to posterity.

I am, gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

AUBREY BATT

P.S.—I shall watch future issues of the *Sunday Times* with interest.



DAVID  
LINDSAY

"Well, we'll just have to say that as neither of us was too sure of the date . . ."



## Smooth Justice

**R**EADING the other day, said Cartwright, in one of the Services papers about how unsuitable the roads in Burma are for wheeled traffic, and how a local post-mistress had to ride a thousand miles a day, or whatever it was, on her bicycle, I was irresistibly reminded of an odd thing that happened to me once when I was District Commissioner at Whangu.

Whangu is a very isolated station, and the local doctor and myself were the only white people within a radius of a thousand miles in any direction. All the rest were a kind of dark-brown colour; but of course you get used to that in time. That's part of the secret of being a successful Colonial administrator. In those days, I need hardly say, Burma was a part of the British Empire, as we used to call it.

We had no postmistress in Whangu, because there was no proper post—all the mail had to be floated up the Irrawaddy in bottles, and naturally that was always leading to misunderstandings. There was one ghastly occasion when a dozen of Château Rigolo which we had ordered for Empire Day arrived with nothing in them except the first twelve lessons of a postal course in Russian which I was taking at the time. However, that, as Kipling so seldom remarked, is another story.

Anyway, as there was no post-mistress, the doctor—or Doc, as I used to call him—and myself were the only

two cyclists in the station. We only had one road; it ran from the top of the hill where I lived, down through the village of Whangu, and up to the top of the neighbouring hill, where Doc's bungalow was. If you went on any farther in either direction you came to impenetrable jungle, where no bicycle could hope to survive.

With only one road and two cyclists, you might think we should allow ourselves to get a bit lax over the Highway Code and so on; but there are things that a white man holds sacred wherever he may be, and the Highway Code is one of them. I am proud to think that we kept as rigidly to the left of our road in Whangu as we should have done in Westminster.

One evening, however (Cartwright went on), I decided to cycle over to Doc's bungalow after dinner to help him with *The Times* crossword, and I found that the oil in my lamp had run out. Looking back on it now I can see that what I did was indefensible, but at the time I simply acted without thinking. Not to beat about the bush, I mounted my machine and set off for Doc's place, after lighting-up time, without a lamp.

As I was coasting through the native village I was astonished to meet a bicycle going in the opposite direction, also without a lamp. Such a phenomenon was extremely rare in Whangu, and I need hardly say that my suspicions were well and truly aroused; however, it was obviously vital that the doctor should finish his puzzle that night, so I decided to go on and make my investigations next day. I was rather upset to find on my arrival that Doc was out; his boy told me that he had gone out on his bicycle only a few moments before, with the intention, he thought, of calling on me.

The significance of this didn't strike me for a while; then it came to me with horrid force. The unlit cyclist I had passed in Whangu could only be the doctor. The fact that there were no other bicycles within

a thousand miles added force to my suspicions; and when, on my way home, I again passed a bicycle without a lamp in Whangu village, my suspicions became a certainty.

I ought to explain that with such a small community of whites, Doc and I would occasionally deputize for one another in our respective official capacities. If I had a bad go of malaria he would administer the province for me for a week or so; and if he got stuck with *The Times* crossword I would sometimes go out and perform an appendectomy or deliver a pair of twins. In this way the work always got done, and a pleasant air of give-and-take was established between us.

Now this occasion clearly called for the application of this principle with as much tact as we could muster; for in my capacity as magistrate it was clearly my duty to summons Doc for riding without a light, and at the same time, since I could hardly sit in judgment on myself, it was clearly up to the doctor to take the same action against me. So we agreed that I should hold a Court next morning, that I should hear the case against the doctor and do what I could to uphold the sanctity of the Law, and that he would then take my place on the Bench and hear the case against myself.

Doc sportingly pleaded guilty, and I fined him ten shillings—a very fair penalty for a first offence. I then vacated my seat, Doc took over from me, and the case against myself came on. Like the doctor, I admitted my guilt.

It was at this stage, said Cartwright sourly, that the doctor's conduct became indefensible. He listened to my explanation with as much patience as I had shown in listening to his; and then an expression appeared on his face which I can only describe as peculiar.

Leaning forward in his chair, or rather my chair, he addressed me in a most unpleasant tone.

"This is the second case of this sort we have had in this Court in one morning," he said. "We cannot allow this kind of offence to become prevalent in Whangu, and I intend to make an example of you. You will be fined five pounds."

B. A. YOUNG

### Chancellor in Dock?

"The judge told him: 'As a result of your operations a large number of people who can all-afford it have been induced to part with their money.'"—Daily paper



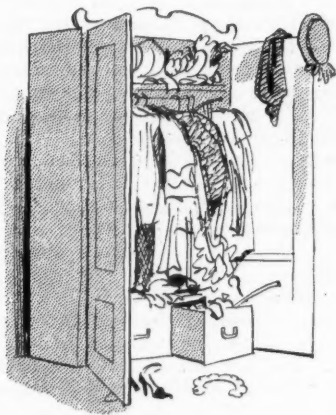
"Help! Hire! I BEG your pardon—I'll shout that again."



How is it that this—



this—



this—



this—

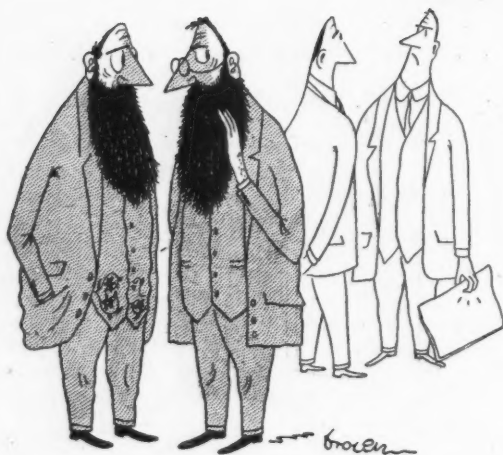


and this—



*Celine Rogers*

can produce this?



"Careful what you say—that fellow Tomkinson's something of a lip-reader!"

## Parochial Affairs

**THE VICAR.** I expect you have all noticed that the lych-gate is in need of repair. I think that a new hinge is necessary. I have asked Mr. Thompson about it, and he says that he could make a good job of it for seventeen-and-sixpence. I wonder what we can do about it.

**Mrs. Jones.** How much money have we in hand?

**Mr. Churchwarden Smith.** We have five-and-fourpence, but we owe fourteen shillings for coke.

**Col. White.** Then we really have nothing at all; and we shall have to find some way of raising the money.

**Mrs. Jones.** Do you think we might get up a whist drive?

**The Vicar.** I think that is a very good idea. Of course we shall have to advertise it well if we are to get the people there.

**Mrs. Wilson.** What I say is that it is no good advertising it if the people do not come.

**Mrs. Jones.** But the people will certainly not come unless we advertise it.

**Mrs. Wilson.** And how much will an advertisement cost?

**The Vicar.** I think we can get a good advertisement in the *Goslow Herald* for fifteen shillings.

**Mrs. Wilson.** And what I say is that it is no use spending fifteen shillings on an advertisement if the people do not come.

**The Vicar.** Are you against having a whist drive?

**Mrs. Wilson.** Certainly not. I am only saying that if the people do not come we shall lose fifteen shillings.

**Col. White.** But we shall have to advertise it if we hope to get anyone there.

**Mrs. Carter.** Can Mrs. Wilson suggest any other way of getting the people there?

**Mrs. Wilson.** Well, I hope some will come from Littleworth.

**Mr. Smith.** But the Littleworth people will not know about it if we do not advertise.

**Mrs. Wilson.** Well, I do not know; but I am against spending money unless we can be sure that people will come.

**The Vicar.** It seems to me that we shall not be able to agree about it.

**Mrs. Jones.** I propose that we do not have a whist drive.

**Mrs. Wilson.** Oh, I do hope that we shall be able to hold it. I am very fond of whist drives. My daughter won a prize at the last one. I think we ought to arrange to-night about the prizes and refreshments.

**Mr. Smith.** But what is the good of getting prizes and refreshments if the people do not come?

**Col. White.** I am afraid that we shall not be able to agree. I think that we had better give up the idea of a whist drive. But we must get the gate mended, and I am quite ready to pay for it.

**The Vicar.** Now that is very handsome of the Colonel, and I am sure we shall all agree in thanking him. Is there any other business which we ought to discuss to-night?

**Mrs. Thompson.** Yes. I have been talking to some of the boys in the village, and they say that there is nothing for them to do. I am wondering whether the Church could not organize some club for them. They tell me that they would like to have a cricket club and a football club.

**Mrs. Jones.** I think that is a very good idea, and I hope we shall be able to carry it out.

**Mrs. Wilson.** I hate to see the boys loafing about, and I am sure they would enjoy playing cricket and football.

**Col. White.** How many boys are there in the village?

**The Vicar.** There are only seven of them, and it is impossible to have cricket and football teams if you have only seven members. There are good clubs, both of cricket and football, at Littleworth, and I understand that they would be glad to welcome our boys.

**Mrs. Thompson.** I asked them why they do not join the Littleworth clubs, but they say it is too far away.

**Col. White.** It is only one and a half miles. If they really want to play games they can hardly say that is too far.

**Mrs. Jones.** But they want a club of their own.

**Mrs. Thompson.** Yes. They want to play matches against other villages.

**Mrs. Wilson.** I think we ought to start at once. There is nothing to be gained by waiting.

**Mr. Smith.** But how can we start if we have not enough boys to form a team? We only have seven boys; and we have to have eleven for either a cricket team or a football team. You cannot start like that.

**Mrs. Thompson.** But if we make a start, and arrange some matches, boys from other villages will come and ask to join.

**Col. White.** But you cannot arrange matches unless you have a team.

**The Vicar.** I do not see how we can start unless we have at least eleven boys. I suggest that we tell our boys that we are quite ready to help them if they can find enough boys to form a side.

**Mrs. Jones.** Well, we cannot do more than that, can we? I am sure they will be pleased.

**The Vicar.** If there is no other business we will bring this meeting to a close. And I would like to thank you all very much for the help you have given to-night.

o o

## Humorous Art

An exhibition of particular interest to readers of *Punch* is now being held at the St. Marylebone Public Library, Marylebone Road, N.W. 1, where a collection of recent drawings by David Langdon is on view. The exhibition is open daily from 9.30 A.M. to 9 P.M. until June 30th.



## Bow at a Venture

**F**OR a sensitive man, buying a bow-tie calls for courage: wearing it is heroism. It was only an unusually good night's sleep supported by a curiously docile digestion that encouraged me this morning to take my pretty trinket out of its tissue-paper. Alone before the mirror I felt almost confident; then I saw the 7.43 crowd cantering down to the early bus, and tried to see my bow-tie cantering down with them. I tore it off and put on my ordinary frayed maroon. Then (the street being empty again) I rebuked myself for a lily-livered loon and tore that off. Man or mouse? That was the issue.

I don't know why I ever opened the subject of bow-ties with the long-nosed man. He is the sort of man who exercises an effortless domination over me merely by existing; he is bigger than I am, with shoe-laces that somehow disappear into the tops of his shoes without a lot of lopsided knotting, he has more assurance, sleeker clothes—and of course a longer nose. Not that I envy him that so much, though I notice that his spectacles fit securely on its bridge, whereas mine slide down and sometimes off. As I sit in the train each morning watching the little game he plays with Stock Exchange quotations and the City page of *The Times*, I feel myself dwindling. He has that air of relaxed confidence that I can only achieve by taking deep breaths while I count up to sixty. If he decided to go in for bow-ties the rest of the world would have to lump it. You would never find him forming private phrases of exculpation before his taste had even been challenged. No one, if it came to that, would ever challenge it; he could impose his personality on a tweed crush hat so that it would become utterly unremarkable, and people asked afterwards what sort of hat he had been wearing would be quite unable to remember. If I wore a tweed crush hat it would attract enough attention to get me arrested.

The unnerving thing about wearing a bow-tie is the unaccustomed expanse of empty shirt-front revealed by a downward glance. One gets a sharp conviction that one isn't wearing a tie at all. And it was with this whimsical thought that I had resolved to raise a laugh against myself as soon as my bow-tie came up for discussion: to smile at one's own frailties robs the other fellow of a lot of his fun. It is the glimpse of empty shirt-front, and the stab of apprehension that follows it,

which makes habitual bow-tie wearers wrench and twitch and dab at their ties all the time, thus, at the expense of irritating everybody else, reassuring themselves.

With a strength of mind unusual in me, I had determined not to do this, and when, whirling through Gatwick Airport, the long-nosed man suddenly fixed his gaze on that tender area just under my chin and automatically began to dab and fiddle at his own long grey tie, my spirits gave a joyous leap. It was a revelation of human weakness in him, and one, moreover, into which I, I had lured him. Exulting, I left my tie alone and went on sitting on my hands. His gaze continued fixed, and although I no longer felt under any obligation to excuse myself there was suddenly something pathetic about him. My galloping imagination hinted that perhaps he was a man of straw after all behind that magnificent façade; perhaps he had always wanted to wear a bow-tie and had never screwed his

courage to the sticking-place. I warmed towards him. I smiled.

"It's new," I said easily.

"Yes," said the long-nosed man. "I thought it must be." He was plainly experiencing a sensation of inferiority. He moistened his lips and tried unsuccessfully to return his eyes to the Stock Exchange quotations. As in tennis, when I have won two successive points against an opponent who is certain to beat me in the end, I decided to be generous.

"They're perfectly easy to tie," I lobbed.

"Really?" He seemed grateful for the pat-ball technique.

"The only thing is," I said, watching the ball's slow, humane curve, "that catching sight of this expanse of empty shirt-front one gets the sharp conviction that one isn't wearing a tie at all."

He took his time, and came through with a killing backhand.

"One isn't," he said.

My hands flew up.

One wasn't. J. B. BOOTHROYD



"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen . . ."



"That reminds me of something. We never called for the spare wheel before we set off."

## Shower in May

THE rearing cloud  
high-massed,  
blue-shadowed,  
cool, deliberate,  
lifts its huge mass  
against the sunlit hill  
and seems to pause  
balanced in irresistible advance  
before the toppling shadow  
slides and falls.

"Look out! Look out! Look out!"  
the blackbird calls  
his orange flutings  
curdling lemon-shrill.

A chaffinch hears him  
and begins to rate.

The fingers of the wind comb through  
the grass  
uneasily.

Now all the birds recite  
their weather-saws, infallible as  
loud—

In the wood anemones shiver  
as wind-flaws cross-hatch smooth  
stretches of the river.

And,  
suddenly,  
beast, bird, flower hold their breath  
as the wind does  
and all are still-life-still.

The first drops spill  
big as new-minted shillings,  
and as bright, but soon  
the rhythm, slow as the fall of coins in  
a beggar's cap,  
runs up the scale in swift arpeggios,  
light  
then heavy,  
then quickfire as the woodpecker's  
Tap!  
Tap-rap! Tap-rap!

And now the shower shrouds field and  
wood,  
until  
there is only air-and-water,

green-in-a-mist  
left of the fresh, gay, golden afternoon.  
Now every daisy clenches tight its fist  
against the grey day.

But with tangerine  
sweetness, the blackbird  
to its cousin flutes:  
"Sing, stormcock, sing!"

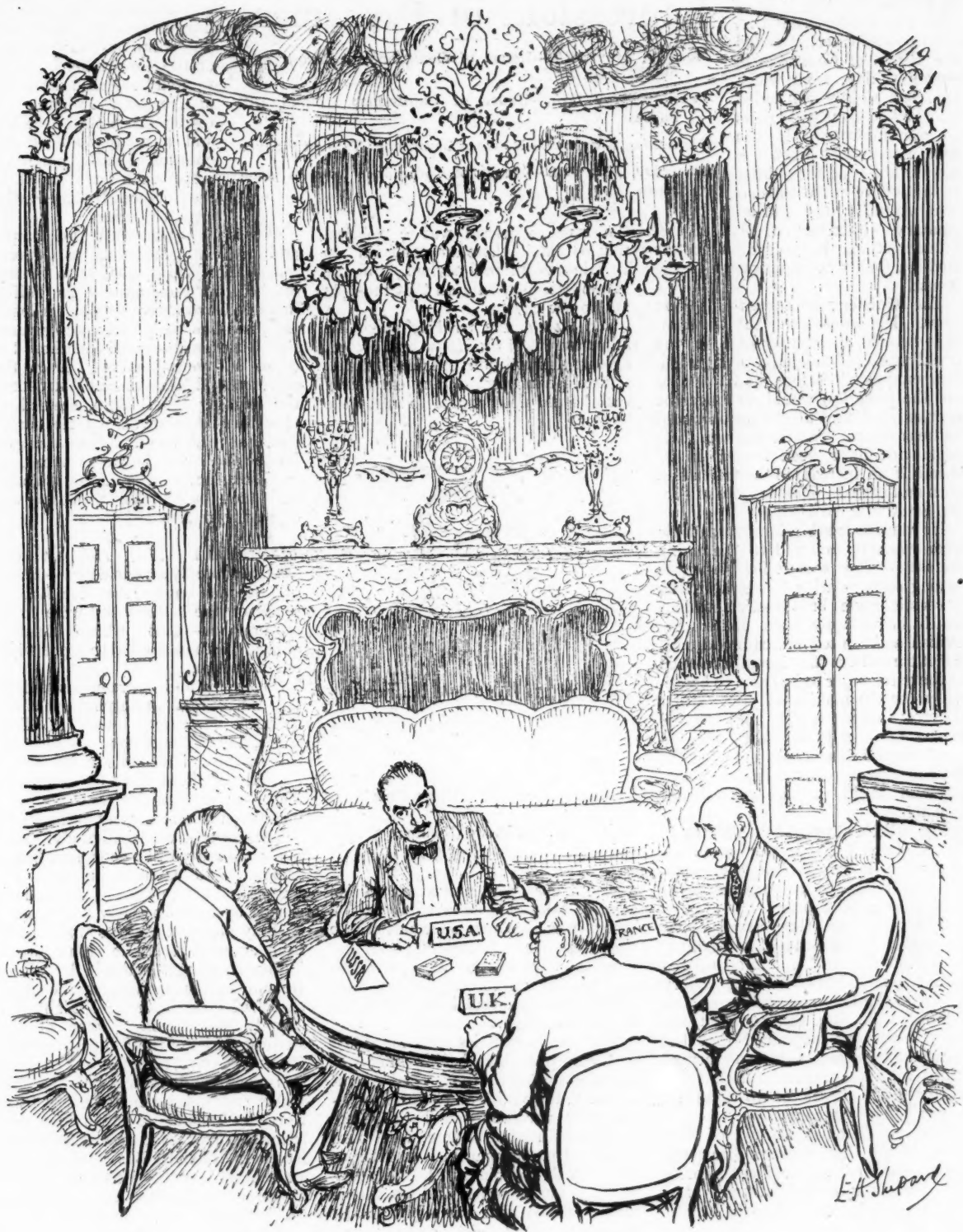
And a million million roots  
drink.

And the air-light-water-green mist  
dissolves.

Are the leaves drops of a fountain?  
Are they leaves  
magicked from fountain-spray?

"Greensleeves, greensleeves!"  
(The blackbird sings)  
"And who but my Lady Greensleeves'  
name is May?"

R. C. SCRIVEN



"SNAP"—or "HAPPY FAMILIES"?



## MONDAY, May 16th.—

Mr. JOHN STRACHEY, the Food Minister, attended the House of Commons in person to-day, from which Members rightly concluded that he had some good news to communicate. It has been noted that when the news is less good the subtler and possibly more persuasive voice of the Parliamentary Secretary, Dr. EDITH SUMMERSKILL, is judged a better medium for its communication to the House.

The Minister soon came to his good news. He announced that the twopennyworth of corned meat in the weekly ration of one-and-a-pennyworth (tenpennyworth before the Chancellor put the price up) would no longer be supplied, but that all the ration would be fresh meat. The Government side could not have been louder in its cheers if an increase in the ration had been announced. That delicate subject Mr. STRACHEY avoided.

He ran into trouble, however, a little later when he referred to "jamming bonuses." This was at first taken as having some relation to the activities of certain Soviet broadcasting stations which have lately been obliterating British and United States broadcasts, but it turned out that it really referred to the extra sugar to be given to housewives for the making of jam. Major RENTON asked tartly (and by no means *jam-tartly*, at that) why on earth the Minister could not give the English language its traditional meaning and avoid the use of "absurd jargon."

Not a little startled by this attack, Mr. S. claimed that it was an expression every housewife knew—a statement that seemed to come as news to the women Members.

Questions were then asked about the arrest in England of a German-born United States Communist, alleged to have jumped his bail on a perjury charge in the U.S. and to have fled on a Polish ship. Mr. CHUTER EDE, the Home Secretary, explained that the man had been arrested on a warrant issued by a magistrate and that the matter had, therefore, to take its course before the courts.

Governor Thomas Dewey, of New York, in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, listened with evident interest to the exchanges that followed. Mr. GALLACHER, Communist, asked questions with great excitement; Mr. JOHN PLATTS-MILLS, Independent Labour Member, put legal points with icy calm. Both sought to establish the fact that

## Impressions of Parliament

Monday, May 16th.—House of Commons: A Broth of a Foight!

Tuesday, May 17th.—House of Commons: Ireland Bill Passes

Wednesday, May 18th.—House of Commons: Talk on Finance

Thursday, May 19th.—House of Commons: Lots of Good News

the man concerned was a political refugee and therefore entitled to Britain's traditional asylum. But the Home Secretary said all that must be left to the courts.

Mr. GALLACHER tried to move the adjournment of the House as a protest against this attitude, but the SPEAKER refused permission, adding ominously that he did not propose to argue the matter.



Arch

### Impressions of Parliamentarians

84. Mr. Drewe (Honiton)

The House then moved on to the relative calm of a debate on the Bill recognizing Eire's transformation into the Republic of Ireland and her departure from the Commonwealth and placing on record the fact that Northern Ireland remains a part of the United Kingdom.

The public galleries were half-filled with well-dressed, athletic-looking gentlemen who bore strong facial resemblance to the affable and helpful policemen who normally patrol the Palace of Westminster. There had been rumours that occupants of the galleries might seek to join in the debate—which is out of order, and (as a large notice on the wall quaintly puts it) "must be dealt with accordingly." But the job of the watchers was a sinecure.

The nearest the House got to

turbulence was a series of flagrant floutings of a three-line whip by "supporters" of the Government. They wanted an implied guarantee of Northern Ireland's integrity taken out of the Bill and a referendum on the question of ending partition, rather than have it left to the Northern Ireland Parliament to decide.

It was all argued with good temper and wit, but generations of Government Chief Whips must have turned, startled, in their graves as half-a-hundred Government supporters defied the three-line Whip and voted against the Government—with another 130 or so not voting at all. Even the philosophical Mr. WILLIAM WHITELEY, the reigning Chief Whip, seemed to take this latest revolt a trifle hard.

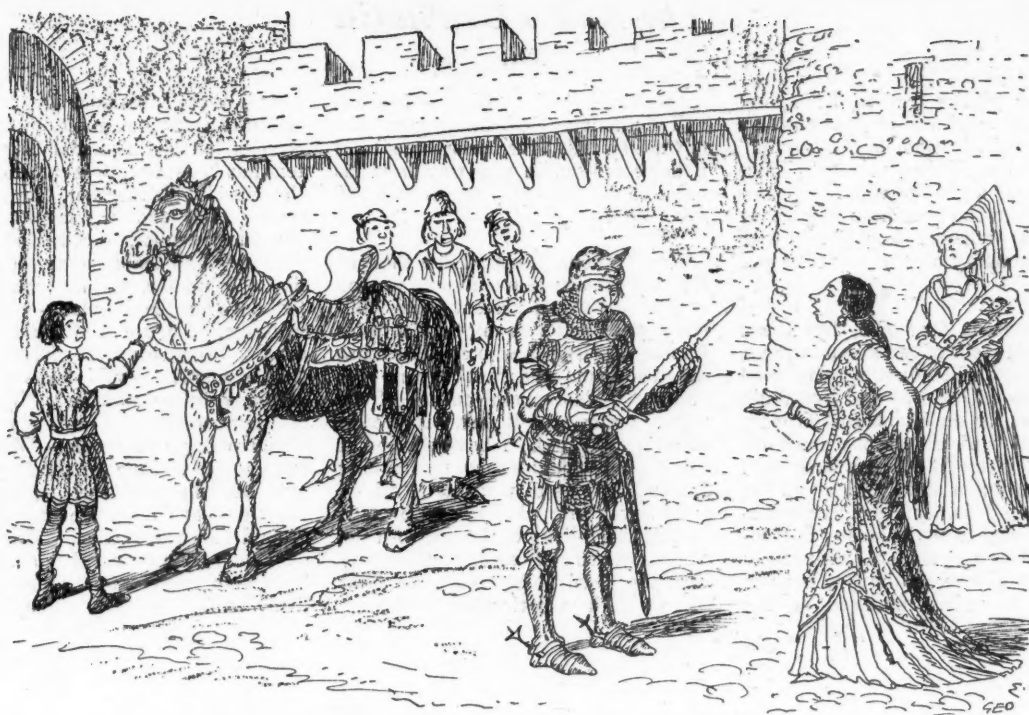
His anguish was doubtless assuaged by the fact that the Government, on each occasion, got a handsome majority and that each rebel proposal was decisively rejected.

TUESDAY, May 17th.—It was undoubtedly a coincidence—it having become known that the Labour rebels on the Ireland Bill were to be reprimanded—that the Third Reading of the Bill was accorded to-night without a division.

So happy and harmonious indeed was the general atmosphere that Sir PATRICK HANNON, bluest of True Blues, handed large bouquets (oratorical) to the Prime Minister, of whom, he said, we ought all to be proud. As if to stress that this was no mere aberration or fluke, many of his Party colleagues cheered approvingly. And (as if that were not enough) when a Labour man later interrupted Sir PATRICK, he was sternly shushed to silence by his own Party colleagues.

Many eloquent appeals were made, from every part of the House, for a forgive-and-forget attitude by all in Ireland so that (whatever the story that had gone before) all might live happily ever after. Some of the sternest critics of the Bill (notably Mr. HUGH DELARGY) most fervently voiced this view, and it was left to Mr. BEATTY, a Labour Independent from Northern Ireland, to make some unfriendly references to the Parliament of Northern Ireland. But, such was the amicable tone of the discussion, nobody picked up the gauntlet and the Bill got its Third Reading without a division.

Before that, the Licensing Bill (which the Conservatives suspected to be the thin end of the wedge of nationalization of pubs) gained its



"Well, dear, I only used it for cutting the rushes for the hall floor."

Third Reading only after arduous toil and a division.

Question-time produced a few more entries for the Book of Parliamentary Sayings:—

"Canada is in the American Continent, and that is no responsibility of this Government."—*Mr. Douglas Jay.*

"Why not revert to the policy of soaking the rich?"—*Mr. Willie Gallacher.*

"Yes and no, sir."—*Mr. Will Glenvil Hall*, in reply to a two-clause question.

The last, by its very unexpectedness, achieved the seemingly impossible feat of reducing the resourceful *Mr. Gallacher* (who had asked the question) to verbal silence. He just laughed with the rest.

**WEDNESDAY, May 18th.**—*Mr. Will Glenvil Hall*, the popular Financial Secretary to the Treasury, moved the Second Reading of the Finance Bill, giving effect to the Budget proposals. As he rose, *Sir Stafford Cripps*, looking what is technically known as "bronzed and fit" after a holiday-with-work in Italy, skipped nimbly into his place.

*Mr. Glenvil Hall* complained of critics who did not appreciate the

extent of our national difficulties. He also mentioned that everybody received an "invisible" gift of about £2 a week in the form of free health services, food subsidies, and so on.

But *Mr. R. A. Butler*, from the Opposition Front Bench, expressed the view that the Budget's plans left Britain's economy "jammed right up against the wall," and that there were now no idle rich to be soaked. So the way to save the situation was to cut Government spending.

Such a proposal clearly horrified *Sir Stafford*, who (apparently at variance with his Financial Secretary) swept aside "pessimistic forebodings" as entirely unjustified. His method of putting things right was not to cut Government spending, but to cut commercial profits. That, said he, would mean that prices to the consumers could be cut.

The Bill got its Second Reading.

**THURSDAY, May 19th.**—*Mr. Herbert Morrison*, Lord President of the Council, almost casually announced that a new coalfield had been discovered at Lichfield, which was likely to yield some 400,000,000 tons of good workable coal. Both sides of

the House (having recovered from their astonishment at the suddenness of this statement) cheered loudly.

They had hardly fallen silent when *Mr. Bevin*, the Foreign Secretary, got up and announced a vast new scheme for the use of the Nile for irrigation—a scheme which, as someone remarked, would certainly become historic.

Not less exciting was an announcement that about half a million tons of extra feeding stuff was to be made available to Britain's pigs, so as to produce, in time, about 80,000 to 100,000 tons more bacon or pork.

Almost sated with good news (which, in current jargon, has been in short supply of late) Members went happily about their business. But few of them stayed to discuss fuel and power—which was perhaps a tribute to *Mr. Hugh Gaitskell*, the Minister, and his administration.

"About 200 years ago the nobility who stepped from their divan chairs to buy snuff at a tobacco-shop in Fleet Street, would pause to look at the effigy of a Highland chieftain, standing snuff horn in hand, in the doorway."—*"Evening News"*

Furniture was furniture in those days.

## The Radio Dramatist

XVII

IN some of my readers, I suppose, no memories will be awakened by the words "Bob, lad, coom in," and "Wullie, Wullie, to me!" Since I shall have a good deal to say in this article about the book from which they are taken, perhaps I should begin with a brief summary of the characters and plot.

The book is *Owd Bob*, by Alfred Ollivant. It tells of two sheep-farmers, James Moore and Adam M'Adam, and of their dogs, Owd Bob and Red Wull, contenders for the Shepherds' Trophy. Owd Bob wins the trophy outright. Red Wull is caught eating a sheep, and is later set upon and killed by all the other sheep-dogs. James Moore, sometimes referred to as the Master of Kenmuir, is tall and austere, with steely eyes, and a face, at any rate when M'Adam is near, "as hard as the

nether millstone." M'Adam is dwarfish and vindictive. He drinks a good deal of what he calls "the barley bree," and if he is crossed in any way it is his habit to rise smoothly to his feet and say "Ye lee."

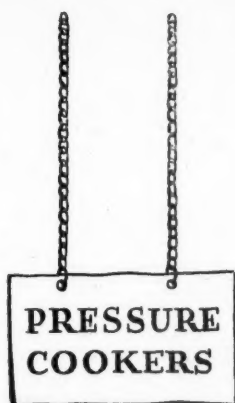
Now I should hardly have thought that the construction of a radio version of this tale would present much difficulty, yet I have on my desk a letter from a Miss Bailey, who confesses that she has found the task beyond her powers. "The general outline of the work," writes Miss Bailey, "is already clear in my mind. I have secured, I think, a better balance by making James Moore as bibulous as M'Adam, and I have ventured to relieve the hard northern simplicity of the tale with the merest touch of sophistication by changing Owd Bob's name to Owd Pierre. In the actual writing, however,

I find myself baulked by technical difficulties. For example, in the final struggle for the Shepherds' Trophy the text has 'The sheep were tearing along the hillside, all together, like a white scud. After them, galloping like a Waterloo winner, raced Red Wull. And last of all, leaping over the ground like a demoniac, making not for the two flags but for the plank-bridge, the white-haired figure of M'Adam.' How am I to bring this vivid picture before the listeners? Would some kind of soliloquy be permissible? 'By jove,' M'Adam might say (or 'Ma sarty' would perhaps be better)—'Ma sarty, it's nae use making for the flags. I'll awa tae the plank-bridge, but aye thing's sure: I'll hae tae leap over the ground like a demoniac.' This leaves out the reference to M'Adam's hair, but I see no help for it. A man is hardly likely to be chattering about his hair



"Now, PLEASE, everybody, don't go on searching for my glasses—I can quite easily get another pair."





1

while leaping over the ground like a demoniac.

"Then there is the problem of sound-effects. The winning of the Shepherds' Trophy by Owd Pierre would call for a woman's hysterical laugh, a deep-mouthed bellow, shouts, screams, hat-tossings and back-clappings. I should not wish to set the B.B.C. too many problems, and although it may be that a team of announcers could take over the deep-mouthed bellow, I fear that the rest might involve the Governors in some tedious experiments."

First I must say that, balance or not, I cannot accept the idea of a bibulous Master of Kenmuir. It would be sheer madness to allow a character with steely eyes and a face like the nether millstone to come hiccupping out of a public-house. It is true that in one short sentence the book hints at something of the kind. I refer to the visit of Moore and his son Andrew to the Dalesman's Daughter, after the tenants' dinner. "Dusk was merging into darkness when the Master and Andrew

reached the Dalesman's Daughter. It had long been dark when they emerged from the cosy parlour of the inn and plunged out into the night." "Plunged out into the night." The phrase, with its suggestion of a rather boisterous exit, is perhaps not without significance, but this is not my main point. Moore and his son have clearly spent a considerable time in the inn. What were they doing? Andrew was a laconic lad, and the Master, except when upbraiding M'Adam, could say little more than "Aye." They were not talking, then, and yet the Master of Kenmuir was not the man to enter an inn for no better purpose than to sit twiddling his thumbs for an hour or more. He was drinking, we may depend on it, perhaps heavily. The pair leave the Dalesman's Daughter on page 219 of my copy. What are they doing on page 221? They are crawling about the Devil's Bowl on their hands and knees. It is true that some suggestion is made that they are tracking the Black Killer, but I cannot feel that the author is altogether convincing here. Nevertheless, there is nothing else in the book to hint that Moore drank to excess, and his handling of such sentences as "I've tell't thee afor, a Grey Dog'll bide no bang but frae a Moore," seems to indicate that he had complete command over his tongue.

I have no fault to find with the substitution of the name Owd Pierre for Owd Bob. To one who believes that the home of sophistication in the truest sense of the word was Ancient Greece, the name Owd Euripides might make some appeal, but the point is of no great importance.

I now turn to Miss Bailey's technical difficulties, and here I must say at once that any attempt to describe the contest for the Shepherds' Trophy by means of M'Adam's soliloquy is doomed to failure. What happens after M'Adam leaps like a demoniac towards the plank-bridge? A sheep falls into the water. "Almost before it had touched water, M'Adam, his face afire and eyes flaming, was in the stream. In a second he had hold of the struggling creature and had half-thrown, half-shoved it on to the bank.

"Again a tribute of admiration, led by James Moore."

It is hardly credible that M'Adam, while performing this feat, should give a brief sketch of his appearance and describe the rescue of the sheep, ending up with "Aye, aye, there's James Moore leading a tribute of admiration." There is only one way out of the difficulty—the events must be described

by the comments of the spectators. "They are galloping for the gap." "M'Adam is flying ahead to turn them." "They have passed him like a hurricane." Something on these lines is what is required.

As to the sound-effects, I feel that the battle between Red Wull and all the other sheep-dogs would be likely to involve the Governors in experiments more tedious than those connected with the back-clappings and hat-tossings, but in any case I think that Miss Bailey need have no misgivings. The Governors are not the people to be defeated by a little back-clapping, and they have more up their sleeves nowadays than a few seagulls' cries.

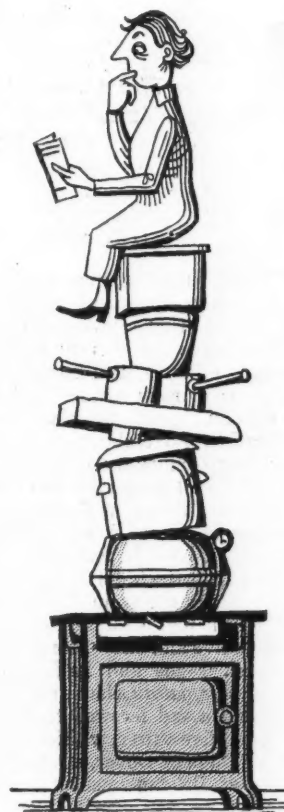
T. S. WATT

"Of all our light cars, I should say, here is the one for women.

This is a typical example of the way in which our designers are using the whole body width for seating accommodation."

"The Star"

This should also mean more shoulder-room for men.



2



"I'm afraid I can't see my way to marrying you, Harold, but I shall always admire your wonderful taste."

## The Cosmic Mess

(The column they cannot buy—except for big money, or, say, a few dozen eggs)

WHEN this column got back from lovely little Luxembourg it read that a young man had just flown from London to Paris in twenty-one minutes, and hoped to do the return journey rather quicker. This column spent thirteen hours travelling from Luxembourg to London in the old reactionary style, by ship and train: and it still thinks it is the better way. For one thing, in that one day this column had three delicious foreign meals—and a bit. It had coffee and rolls at seven at the hotel: it had coffee and two eggs in the train about eight-fifteen: and it had a formidable lunch between twelve and one—*hors d'œuvres* various, asparagus and half an egg, *côtelette de porc*, *gateau*, cheese and fruit. It then said a sad farewell to foreign food. But at five-thirty, within sight of the White Cliffs of Dover, a man went round the Belgian packet crying "Dinner is served". So this column dined on Russian Eggs and Dover Sole, exquisitely cooked.

Now, how many foreign meals did the young bird-man have on the voyage? Probably none. Nor did he sit comfortably for many hours, alone, undisturbed, in a corner-seat, with a book and a pipe, in a compartment upholstered in red plush. This column had a whole day without a telephone-call, without answering a letter, almost without speaking. On the other hand, at meal-times it could study its fellow-beings, the Belgian, Swiss, Italian, and British, who ate in the same place. It could lazily enjoy the scenery when it was good—and in the rolling hills of Luxembourg it is delightful; and when it was not this column could ignore it and read. In the over-rated Air you have to look the whole time and you see nothing. You seldom know where you are, and nobody cares. True, if you have to stand in the corridor, or share a carriage with several babies, the merits of train-travel can be exaggerated. But, so long as the train-population is low, this column will

always scorn the citizen who says "Thirteen hours! Good gracious, why didn't you fly?" You may think that this is only a personal eccentricity of this crusted old column; but that there is something solid in it is shown by the "Air Hostess" system. They have to lure us into the air by promising us the society of young and lovely ladies who will bring us food and drink. But men have been contentedly travelling by train for a century without any such inducement. Probably, if there were Train-Hostesses, and our tickets were inspected by irresistible blondes, nobody would ever fly again.

\* \* \* \* \*

This column has long had a soft spot for *grenouilles*, as the French, in their queer foreign way, call frogs. It has never been quite sure about *escargots*, the fanciful French name for snails. But at the delightful little place where it lunched by the Moselle it had both; and they were so attractively done that

it has become pro-escargots too. What is our Ministry of Food doing in this affair? Why hunt and import the distant snook and whale when the island is full of succulent frogs or snails? How many citizens spend most of their spare time pursuing and destroying, by barbarous means, the snail? How many frogs die of a weary old age when they might have gloriously enriched the British nutrition intake? But perhaps they are not in fact nutritious, or even succulent. About that this column cannot get a straight answer from anyone. In Luxembourg some said that their escargots were so good because they fed upon the vines. But one lady insisted that the snails in her garden would be just as good. Only, she said, the business of preparation was slightly unpleasant. One encyclopædia distinguishes between "the common S. of the garden (*Helix aspersa*)" and "the so-called Roman S. (*Helix pomatia*) which occurs on chalk downs, and in France is a favourite table delicacy". But has this island no *Helix pomatia*? And, if not, should not the little fellow be imported, and bred? We cannot give him much vine-food, perhaps, but we have chalk downs.

Now, about the British *grenouille*. The same encyclopædia says that "the best known varieties of F. are the British F. or *Rana temporaria*, the edible F. or *Rana esculenta*, and the American bull-F. or *Rana catesbiana*". There may be something to be said for France having the vine and not Britain. But if, in addition, Nature has made it impossible for *Helix pomatia* and *Rana esculenta* to thrive in our island some will think it was a pretty harsh decision. But is it true? In the Gallipoli campaign this column's unit was next to the French (who charmingly described us as L'Infanterie Maritime Anglaise); and every evening French soldiers were prowling about the swamps and streams at the foot of "the Gully", hunting for frogs with long spiked poles. Were they *esculenta*? And if *R. esculenta* can get a living on Gallipoli, why not here? This column will wager a wad that if the French were marooned in Britain they would get their *grenouilles* somehow. So, Planners, go ahead. We shall be told, of course, that it would be a job to teach the British people to enjoy such food. But, by 1952, they may be ready to learn a lot. Even *Helix aspersa*, this column judges, would be better than dandelion leaves or the bark of trees.

\* \* \* \* \*

This column never begrudges the simple pleasures of the great; but even

more it values their good name. And it often wonders "What on earth do strangers think who visit the House of Commons for the first time and see Ministers and ex-Ministers reclining on the Treasury or Front Opposition bench with their feet on the historic Table?" "Is this", they surely say, "the spirit of Drake and the merchant venturers? Is this how the rulers of the Empire, Commonwealth, Association, Club, or whatever the organization is now called, regard their duties?"

Even to the visiting Briton the spectacle is fairly queer: but what do the men of India, of Pakistan, of China make of it? If the statesman is a very long one, he can, at least, make the pose look natural, almost dignified. There is a lordly sweep to the long span of leg, as when one gazes upon the Sydney or the Brooklyn Bridge: and the head is still at a level which is compatible with the notion that a statesmanlike brain is seriously at work. But when the little fellows try to follow suit the effect is pathetic. The tiny legs will only just reach the Table, and to get them there at all the statesman has to recline on the back of his neck. He does not look like the owner of a great mind relaxing, but like a man who has been given a new and difficult "exercise" by his abdomen-reducing expert. Sir Stafford Cripps, not surprisingly, sets the best

example in this field of conduct. He sits bolt upright the whole time with his back where it ought to be: and no Member, so far as this column knows, has ever seen the soles of his boots. It must be disconcerting to an orator on either side, taking part in a big debate, to realize that he is addressing a row of boots, some of them making a dead stymie of (or with?) the heads to which they belong.

There is also, by the way, an element of social injustice in this affair. There are many ways in which the back-bencher, too, might seek physical relief from the stress of legislation. He could, for example (in a House not too full) put his feet up on his own bench and relax, or even lie down. But, if he did, he would almost certainly, and very properly, be called to order. This column is too old and sagacious to suppose for a moment that moral suasion will have the smallest force against this ancient custom. But perhaps a practical note may gain a hearing. This column used to have a bad habit in the home of sitting by the fire on Sunday with its feet up near the mantelsheff. This posture gave this column sciatica, and the habit has been eliminated. It has now got fibrositis or something in the neck instead: but there is always something—and probably the statesmen will get that too. They have been warned.

A. P. H.

#### "H. K."

ANY obituary note on Hugh Kingsmill, who died on May 15th, is bound to remind his friends of the ribald disrespect with which he tended to regard such notes about other people. He could not resist making fun of the clichés and slight insincerities into which the hasty obituarist naturally falls, and he would in cheerful talk examine and dissect the probable motives and true meaning behind them. To those who did not know him personally this may sound an unsympathetic quality, but it was only one of the things that made him the gayest and most stimulating companion it is possible to imagine.

Readers of *Punch* have known him since 1942 as a most witty and discerning reviewer of books. Into the dimensions of a short "Booking Office" review he could pack a surprising weight of learning, and he never failed to be honest about his prejudices or to spice them with liveliness. For a time during the war he reviewed current films in these pages, and his uncompromising opinions of an art he did not take very seriously were expressed with all his brilliant energy to very entertaining effect. But he had the great critical virtue of being able to enjoy with all his heart, and when he did enjoy something he made it clear why.

It is a tragedy that so lively and learned a writer and so good a friend should have died at the height of his powers.



## Village Hampdens, Miltons Wanted

IT is improbable, however malicious tongues may wag, that my ex-friend Mandrake's appointment as Chief Sector Guide had much to do with the fact that the Merrie Board Area Controller was his great-uncle. It could be argued (and was, notably by Mandrake) that he was obviously the man to impress tourists. He was the sort of person who would glance sharply at a period building and—while the rest of us were groping for the right decade, or even century—say without the least hesitation "1597." At any hint of opposition he would add "April, probably." Nobody had been able to compete with this, though plenty tried.

That is why I suspect that nearly half the unpleasant things said about him are likely to be untrue: so many of us had been after the job. It is difficult to understand the reason for this. Who, it might well be asked, would want to talk entertainingly and instructively for hours together, in all Merrie weathers, to clusters of wealthy (and probably yawning) tourists, with the inevitable embarrassment at the end? The Merrie Board had successfully appealed against a decision of the Ministry of Jinks and Capers to fix a statutory fee for guides; our guests, the Board had argued, would not feel at home unless they were allowed to give gratuities to somebody, and peasants must manfully accept this humiliation. Bishops Weevil's response was noble.

All the same, I can think of a few of us who would be uncomfortably like the guide complained of in a *Manchester Guardian* letter—the one who

"mumbled an incomprehensible dialect," and whose dates were "often one thousand years out." Even for the most brilliant of guides—my ex-friend Mandrake, for instance—it is a formidable job in these parts. The village is not strong in the sort of things that dazzle or woo the sightseer. Though the Board is planning to remedy this, there is at present scarcely a building of any period interest. Nor are we able, as other Merrie Area villages are, to point to the sites of celebrated battles, massacres or martyrdoms. We have no Gibbet Hill, and even our whipping-post, pillory and collection of man-traps were converted into tanks or other useful articles early in the war. History has touched us lightly, and left indeterminate marks.

In the literary field we are just a little better off, and it is here—while awaiting the arrival of a row of sectional Tudor cottages which have been on priority demand for some months—that Mandrake is doing some brisk preliminary skirmishing. He has discovered that Ruskin made an oblique but fairly well established reference to the place in an early lecture; unfortunately it is so disparaging that it will have to be worked on a good deal before it can be considered an asset. More usefully, there is a persistent legend that Coleridge once rode through the village on his way north—actually dismounting when his horse was attacked by a goose, and all but spending a night at the Jolly Plowman. This, the story goes, would undoubtedly have happened but for the fact that the poet found himself without money except for eightpence which had been

lent to him by Wordsworth, and the innkeeper—a boor with no historical intuition—refused to accept a dozen pamphlets about the sugar colonies to cover the balance. So Coleridge remounted with dignity and proceeded vaguely south-westwards; possibly, though the legend is not clear about this, he was redirected later.

The reactionary guide-books do this episode scant justice. The most generous of them has no more than this laconic reference: "Coleridge, it is said, once came to the village but made no stay. We cannot do better than follow his example."

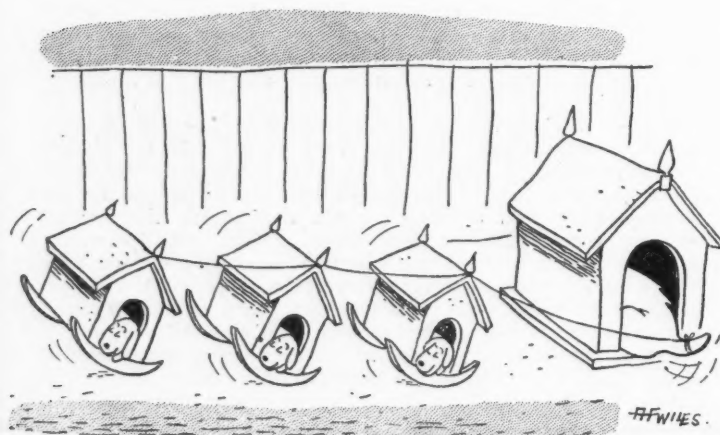
Mandrake is determined that the new tourists shall not be allowed to get away so easily. His handling of the Coleridge story is a good example of his method. What we have to remember, he told a meeting of Sector Guides immediately after his appointment, is that the contemporary tourist is literate, even sophisticated. No longer does he wander about in a stunned manner, with his guide-book upside-down, able to spell out only the strongest, simplest words like "Chop" and "Bar." The circulating libraries have given him a keen literary nose; he will have scented the Coleridge story from afar and will want to get his teeth into it. How can it best be turned to advantage?

"Psychology—that's the line," said Mandrake in laying down the official treatment. "What they'll all be hunting for is a brand-new literary theory. But you must be careful to let them put it together themselves."

All we had to do was give them the facts. Coleridge was attacked by a Bishops Weevil goose and fell off his horse. His dignity was affronted: he had to get his own back. But did Coleridge, as any ordinary person would have done, crouch behind some thick hedge and throw stones at the bird? He did no such thing. The artist does not react to experience as crudely as that.

"He wrote a poem," said Mandrake. Then he leaned forward a little and added with quiet intensity: "You will not forget that the *Ancient Mariner* killed the albatross."

At this point, he was convinced, the eager light of discovery would shine from the sea of tourist faces. They would see it as the clearest example of unconscious symbol-transference. Coleridge equalled the Ancient Mariner, and the albatross equalled the Bishops Weevil goose. The village was obviously just as responsible for the creation of this great work as the writer. So who cared whether the fellow stayed the night or not?



## At the Play

*The Lady's Not for Burning* (GLOBE)—*The Old Vic Theatre School's Second Show* (OLD VIC)

MR. CHRISTOPHER FRY is something rare in the theatre, a poet who understands the requirements of the stage and is not content merely to



*The Clandestine Marriage* [Right You Are (If You Think So)]

### MARIAGES À LA MODE

Lord Ogleby . . . . . MR. GEOFFREY BAYLDON  
Laudisi . . . . . MR. DEREK GODFREY

use it as a convenient sounding-board for ideas. A robust satirist, witty and rich in fancy, he has a lively appreciation of the springs of character, and to me he is one of the more exciting of our younger dramatists. If he is a little drunk with words, with the heady beauty of imagery and the exhilaration of cascades of jewelled English, is it fair to complain, since he possesses in no small measure the precious power of making his intoxication infectious? And if his characters are inclined to lean against a wall and talk, instead of rushing about shooting one another—well, the talk is distinctly good.

His *The Lady's Not for Burning*, so successfully launched at the Arts last year, has now come to the Globe beautifully mounted by Mr. OLIVER MESSEL in a sparkling production by Mr. JOHN GIELGUD and Mr. ESMÉ PERCY, and in spite of their ingrained distrust of plays by poets I think Londoners will find it extremely entertaining; in any case it is written in such elastic-sided verse that only the very clever can distinguish it from prose. The theme, a disillusioned soldier pressing his arrogant demand to be hanged on a mayor already harassed by a witch (an alchemist's orphan too well educated for the comfort of rural society), allows Mr. FRY to blend philosophy agreeably with domestic comedy. The soldier and the lady fall in love, but the latter's pyre is almost lit before the rag-and-

bone-man whom the one claims to have murdered (see *The Playboy*, as I pointed out in my earlier review) and the other is accused of turning into a dog appears in a memorable blaze of inebriation to set them free. The period is mediæval, the idiom so modern that when the soldier maliciously predicts the Last Trump he times it for 1140 hours. In the second act a slight sag is noticeable, but elsewhere skilful changes of mood and speed keep the play tautly in movement.

Prime acting is needed for all this, and is there in abundance. The ironic gallantry with which Mr. GIELGUD plays the soldier matches well Miss PAMELA BROWN's imaginative performance as the lady. She has a sort of lyrical abstraction to which is added delightfully the hint of a Welsh lilt. These two easily carry the main burden, if such airy and amusing conversation can be so described, but the other characters

are also in good hands, in particular those of Mr. HARCOURT WILLIAMS, Miss NORA NICHOLSON, Mr. PETER BULL, Mr. ESMÉ PERCY, and Mr. ELIOT MAKEHAM, whose sketch of a humble little priest wedded to his fiddle is a gem of sentimental comedy.

The Old Vic Theatre School is a self-contained unit teaching the whole business of the stage. It has just presented two programmes at the parent theatre for a short season—unfortunately already over—and the one that I saw was much to the credit of staff and students.

The evening began with the first act

of PIRANDELLO's crazy but fascinating *Right You Are*, taken pretty soundly by a cast from which Mr. DEREK GODFREY, looking like an early Victorian Mephistopheles, stood out. As the point of the play is that reality lies in the mind, it is prickly stuff, but it was attacked with courage. Next, for five hilariously funny minutes, came *The Quick Change*, organized by Messrs. GEORGE DEVINE and CHARLES ALEXIS, in which a gang of misadventurous scene-shifters removed all traces of Pirandello. Such a concentrated orgy of acrobatic slapstick can hardly have been seen since the days of Mack Sennett, and a solid deposit of salt was left on my spectacles. Finally we were given a pocket edition of *The Clandestine Marriage*, the comedy GARRICK wrote with GEORGE COLMAN. This was pleasingly acted and charming to look at. Miss JOYCE ASH and Mr. RICHARD BURRELL played the lovers attractively, but the hero of the occasion was Mr. GEOFFREY BAYLDON, whose amorous ancient, *Lord Ogleby*, was good enough for any stage—polished, witty, and, in a student, remarkable.

ERIC KEOWN

### Recommended

DARK OF THE MOON—*Ambassadors*—Superbly produced American semi-musical. Backwoods fantasy, with witches, sin and salvation.

THE HEIRESS—*Haymarket*—From Henry James's story, very well staged.

DAPHNE LAUREOLA—*Wyndham's*—Bridie and Edith Evans both at their best.

BLACK CHIFFON—*Westminster*—Flora Robson superb in good family drama.

THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM—*Phoenix*—Late Restoration brilliance.

\*SHOOTING STAR—*Playhouse*—Neat comedy of professional football.

(\*Suitable for young people)



*The Lady's Not for Burning*

### SPELLBOUND

*The Chaplain*—MR. ELIOT MAKEHAM Mayor Hebble Tyson—MR. HARCOURT WILLIAMS  
*Justice Edward Tappercom*—MR. PETER BULL Thomas Mendip—MR. JOHN GIELGUD  
Jennet Jourdemayne—MISS PAMELA BROWN

## The Bath Assembly

LAST year's Bath Assembly was held when the cherry was in bloom. This year's Assembly is garlanded with may and tapestried with chestnut-blossom. It seems that Gainsborough was to be the theme; there is a choice exhibition of Gainsborough portraits and landscapes to be seen at the Victoria Museum, and the shop windows in Union-Street are full of life-sized Gainsborough gentlemen dressed in silks and brocades bowing gallantly to their ladies, while the pink satiny tulips in the Orange Grove curtsy in the wind to the passer-by as gracefully as a bevy of eighteenth-century beauties. But the Gainsborough theme seems to have been abandoned, and the stave with a few bars of the Unfinished Symphony displayed in the window of a chemist's shop has about it a wistful air of regret. The Gainsborough Ball at the Pump Room, which was to have crowned the festivities of this first week (and at which your scribe intended to appear looking as much like Mrs. Siddons as her stock of feathers and furbelows would permit) has faded into common evening dress.

The first big musical event was a recital by the Busch Quartet given, as the Assembly Rooms are not yet rebuilt, in the Pavilion—a long, low, too-resonant recreation hall. The players were wisely placed in the centre of the hall to minimize the evil acoustic effects. The tone of the Busch Quartet is like velvet and their *pianissimo* like the down on a butter-

fly's wing; but a heavy rainstorm that drummed pitilessly on the roof of the hall drowned the lovely sounds of Beethoven's late quartet in B flat major, Op. 130, almost as completely as it soddened the chestnut-trees outside. What the rain allowed us to hear when it relented a little was a marvel, and it was all the more disappointing that one could hear only brief snatches. A noble quartet by Haydn and one by Mozart, both in C, suffered equally; but these great players appeared, and sounded, unperturbed, and the knowledge of what it means to play stringed instruments in such weather, when bows whistle on steamy strings that will not stay in tune, increased our admiration.

At the Palace Theatre there is a lively new comedy, *Love in Albania*, by Eric Linklater, produced by Peter Ustinov, who also plays the principal comedy rôle. The theme of the play, entirely appropriate to a city with the history and traditions of Bath, is that to put things to rights by violent means may be all very well, but civilized methods are better. An agreement to differ is preferable to murder as a means of adjusting differences of opinion. At the Theatre Royal, Mme. Marie Rambert and her ballet hold court, presenting fairy-story, drama and comedy with their usual freshness and sparkle. In addition to Act II of *Swan Lake* and *Bar aux Folies Bergères* we saw two ballets new to us—*Simple Symphony*, with music by Benjamin Britten, a suite of gay and

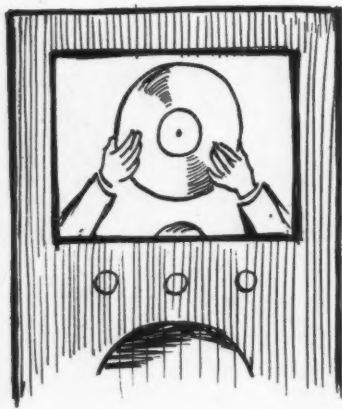
boisterous dances in the folk style, with bright-coloured peasant costumes and a refreshing air of sea-breezes, and *Fugitive*, with music by Leonard Salzedo, one of the faintly eerie dramatic ballets in which Andrée Howard's choreography is seen at its best. The theme and designs are by Hugh Stevenson. *Fugitive* is about a wounded man (Walter Gore) who, fleeing from his pursuers, is given refuge by two sisters of a wealthy house while a ball is in progress. Tender

passages between the fugitive and the younger sister arouse the jealousy of the elder, and as a result the fugitive is discovered and blows his brains out, leaving the younger sister heart-broken and the elder in agonies of remorse.

For the entertainment of the younger visitors to the Bath Assembly there is an international festival of children's films. The programme we saw contained two films from Soviet Russia—an enchanting cartoon, *The Vain Bear*, full of the charm and freshness that used to be Walt Disney's, and *The Stone Flower*, a fairy-story about a Russian boy who aspired to be a perfect craftsman in malachite. This film has delightful moments, and also some very ugly ones with hideous colour effects; but the children loved it. They loved the Salzburg Marionettes at the Pump Room too, although the English dialogue of *Snow White*, being spoken with a strong foreign accent, was mostly unintelligible. The beauty of the marionettes themselves held one spellbound; there was a prince who really looked like a great aristocrat, a *Snow White* who was really beautiful and quite unlike a film-star, and the most lovable dwarfs, rabbits, birds that flew about, and the daintiest-imaginable ballet of red spotted toadstools. The films, with all their battery of technical devices, have still to prove that they can tell a fairy-story half as well as the marionette-theatre or the ballet.

For those who like a cosy, chatty evening, poetry, song and sentiment, there is the family At Home at the Pump Room. The Boyd Neel Orchestra are here and with them Leon Goossens playing Rutland Boughton's Concerto for Oboe and Strings to set the horns of elfland blowing; and the skill and enthusiasm of the local Choral and Orchestral Society have provided excellent performances of Handel's "Acis and Galatea" and Vaughan Williams' Sea Symphony. And finally in the Abbey there is the singing of the B Minor Mass by the City of Bath Bach Choir.

And yet in spite of it all an elusive something is missing from the Bath Assembly. Last year this beautiful city wore her festival dress with a welcoming air. This year the dress is every bit as elegant but its wearer seems to have hidden herself coquettishly behind half-closed shutters. Perhaps it is the grey skies that have kept her within doors. D. C. B.



"Here is a gramophone record."



## Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

### Fiction Assorted

NOVELS are like rooms in that the amount of their furniture, by which I mean the scenes, the characters, and how much we are told about them, is less important than the manner of arrangement. Even the style is sometimes less important. I can think of rooms crammed with bits and pieces of every period and no period, in which I know I could live happily because the total effect is comfortable and sympathetic—though it would be difficult to say exactly why—just as I can think of others, furnished impeccably, where I should quickly be reduced to abysmal melancholy. The feeling and atmosphere of novels depend in much the same way on this exceedingly delicate business of harmony. This week I have read three in which it is achieved with widely differing material.

*Icedrome* is a big busy book teeming with ordinary people and packed full of detail. Mr. Frank Tilsley sees things with a less calculating eye than Arnold Bennett, to whom he has been compared, but he has the same passionate interest in his characters, the same determination to make us imagine them as vividly as he does, right down to the state of their boots as well as right up to that of their souls. When Mr. Tilsley introduces you to people, he doesn't mumble; you know them again.

His novel is about the queer, specialized life of a skating-rink in a London suburb, the loves and jealousies, ambitions and frustrations that make up its story. We get to know intimately its closely-graded society, the frosty cabal of knitting mothers intent on the distant peaks of Hollywood, the patient children toiling solemnly towards perfection, the instructresses a-twitter for the favours of a glamorous champion from Middle Europe, the regulars and the casuals. Observed by a very human writer, this field proves a fruitful social study. The central characters are a woman and her daughter, a child prodigy for whom the mother screws and scrapes until she becomes a shrew; their relationship is movingly described.

Although this is a long novel, it doesn't flag, thanks to the cunning with which a mass of characters has been woven into one dramatic fabric, so that they appear neither irrelevant nor jumbled. And how well drawn most of them are, fairly pulsing with reality! The blustering flash Alf from the black market, generous, coarse, insensitive—"Give him a drink too many and he'd have quoted you a price for Yugoslavia or Luxembourg"—and the shy little dwarf he bullies into being his slave, these and others are creations too vital to be easily forgotten. Even those whose skates have long since rusted away will find this an honest and absorbing book.

Mr. Gerald Bullett's method in *Cricket in Heaven* contrasts sharply with that of Mr. Tilsley, satire being his purpose. And very elegant and exquisite the satire is, on an early Victorian squire who believes devoutly that it is the habit of the gods to play the game, or in other words that the best of everything, regularly delivered by divine ordinance, is good enough for him. In his diverting portrait of this supreme humbug Mr. Bullett is drastically selective, giving us no more detail than is necessary for a slender story, and introducing only such other characters as are wanted to reflect his hero's monstrous egotism. A plague descending on the neighbourhood, the local doctor is anxious to find a human guinea-pig on whom to try out a remedy with lethal possibilities, and having notably failed to persuade his engaging old rip of a father of the obligations of age the squire goes riding. When he returns

his wife, who has every reason to be tired of living, has been inoculated and is already unconscious. What happens after that is told too neatly and too amusingly by Mr. Bullett to be disclosed here; enough to say that when we take leave of the squire it is beginning to dawn on him that even in the most favoured cases the gods occasionally draw stumps. This little book, full of delightful conversation both above and below stairs, is written with a delicate and searching irony. Whether it was wise to let fantasy break into it so near the end may be doubted, for it gives the effect of falling back on a joker where none is needed. The irruption of the player from Another Place is over so quickly, however, that in fact it scarcely ruffles the brilliance of the surface.

From *America Repent in Haste*, a slight but powerful tragi-comedy about the wreck of a war marriage, brings something quite distinct from both the novels we have been discussing. Mr. John P. Marquand possesses in marked degree what I can only call the quality of tough compassion one so often finds in modern American authors. His writing has the kick of a mule and yet remarkable tenderness. He is working here with a small focus, seeing through the eyes of a war correspondent moving between the Pacific and the States a young airman, caught up in the nervous spiral of battle excitement, and his anxious suburban home, where the journalist spends an uncomfortable evening of half-truths before going on to be more honest with the boy's floozie wife, already unfaithful. Mr. Marquand is not out to attach blame, but to tell us forcefully how things were. He gets deep into the minds of the young grown old too soon, whose feeling of finality his characters express perfectly in the incoherent argot of their sort.

ERIC KEOWN



"... it happens every time I use the dipper switch."



"See what comes of urging  
them to take consumer goods."

### London's River

The pleasure with which one opens *Down the Thames* is only equalled by the melancholy with which one closes Mr. Martin Briggs's expert, sensitive and companionable survey. You naturally expect the limpid source above Ashton Keynes to smell sweeter than London's two effluents west and east of Barking Creek—"baser and baser the richer I grow," as Kingsley sang eighty years back. But from Oxford on, the predominant riparian note is one of squandered beauty and, in the best sense, of squandered utility. The book's illustrations, which being an architect's have a sympathetic precision, generously spare you the plague-spots. (Though "Unknown Oxford" delineates a sluttish strip near Folly Bridge; and Brentford ironically provides a foreground for a distant prospect of Kew.) Mr. Briggs, however, is not going to leave it at that. He indicts us unmercifully on behalf of his client the river, but he gives us unlimited opportunities to mend our ways. Oxford, a good test-case, is handled in detail. Apart from the colleges, it is not a distinguished town—not nearly so civically admirable as little Abingdon. Oxford, he suggests, might yet recover something of its lost dignity, the more so as it has been officially suggested that the various Nuffield activities should cede to municipal needs. H. P. E.

### Trial by Jury

Mr. L. P. Stryker's biography of Thomas Erskine is well named *For the Defence*, since it was when opposing Crown prosecutions aimed to suppress free opinion that the famous and fortunate eighteenth-century advocate built up a reputation never surpassed. In an age of unending eloquence he could win over a jury body and soul against all prejudice, speaking sometimes up to seven hours at a stretch without arousing weariness, while his persistent basing of his argument on the first principles of English justice did much to broaden our precedents for liberty in centuries to come. This book tells little enough of Erskine in any private capacity; and, indeed, his wife, though he was married early and happily, appears only once between pages 18 and 408. But it gets away from the Law Courts by borrowing incident from a period hardly less lurid than our own; long accounts of the French Revolution and of the trial of Queen Caroline, for instance, with extensive references to Fox and Burke and Pitt and other notable figures, being splashed in with more desire for brilliant and sensational colour and less regard for strict relevancy than is usually accepted in a biography. C. C. P.

### A Study of Jealousy

Mr. William Sansom's short novel *The Body* should widen his public without losing him the admirers he has already gained with his short stories. It describes

the growth of an insane jealousy in the warped mind of a semi-retired shopkeeper; but this hackneyed theme is developed with the narrative efficiency of C. S. Forester and the urban knowledge of Patrick Hamilton. Mr. Sansom's progress from allegory to descriptive reporting and thence to realistic fiction has not weakened his old gifts. He still keeps his own very personal vision and his prose is as good as ever. Occasionally he overwrites, and in a few of the set pieces of description his words present a barrier to the reader instead of a lens. At his best, however—and for most of this book he is at his best—he writes admirably. His people are no longer inhuman symbols, but have come alive. The husband and wife and the deboshed masher next door with his cheery, beery friends are drawn as individualized examples of common types, and drawn very well. The gradual revelation of character through the husband's reveries and through the tragi-comic episodes in which his delusion involves him makes *The Body* continuously exciting and readable.

R. G. G. P.

### A Nice Book for a Lady

Time was when a novel bearing such a title as *A Wreath of Roses* might safely be recommended to her patrons by the presiding genius of the circulating library as "a nice book for a lady." Not so to-day; indeed, the discerning student of fiction knows only too well that the more fragrant and sentimental-sounding the title the more likely it is to conceal an analysis of one or other of the darker aspects of human nature. Miss Elizabeth Taylor's novel so named is a case in point. The acute observation of character, the delicacy of insight, and the admirable lucidity and restraint of style one has learned to look for in her work are here as before; and with them a glimpse of one of the uglier abnormalities of life drawn with a touch of the ruthlessness of "Brighton Rock." But Miss Taylor cannot be entirely ruthless, and her sensitiveness and sympathy, reminiscent of a little of Katherine Mansfield, recognize the beauty, as well as the pity and terror, inherent even in the dark places of human life. Her flowery garland may be faded; but something of its vanished fragrance lingers. C. F. S.

### Books Reviewed Above

- Icedrome.* Frank Tilsley. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 10/6)  
*Crickets in Heaven.* Gerald Bullett. (Dent, 7/6)  
*Repent in Haste.* John P. Marquand. (Robert Hale, 6/-)  
*Down the Thames.* Martin Briggs. (Jenkins, 15/-)  
*For the Defence.* L. P. Stryker. (Staples, 21/-)  
*The Body.* William Sansom. (Hogarth Press, 9/6)  
*A Wreath of Roses.* Elizabeth Taylor. (Peter Davies, 8/6)

### Other Recommended Books

- A Ghost Town on the Yellowstone.* Elliot Paul. (Cresset Press, 12/6) The author of *A Narrow Street* and *Linden on the Saugus Branch* gives his memories of Montana between 1900 and 1910: "the reality that went to make the Western novel."  
*The Pheasant Shoots Back.* Dacre Balsdon. (Jarrolds, 10/6) Whimsy for the young, but astringent and odd enough to please adults. Cheerful drawings by Michael folkes.  
Nos. 122, 123, 124 of the Britain-in-Pictures series (Collins, 5/- each): *The Conservative Party.* Nigel Birch. *The Liberal Party.* R. J. Cruikshank. *The Labour Party.* William Glenvil Hall. Each has four colour plates and about twenty black-and-white illustrations, with an interesting miniature history of the party.  
*In What Strange Land . . . ?* Pierre Véry. (Allan Wingate, 9/-) French mystery, unusual (business about travel in time) and very ingeniously constructed. Most readable, but not for people who like a nice sportive murder.

## Fair Rover, What Thy Quest?

I TRIED to buy a cottage. "Four rooms," said the agent, "no bathroom, no water, no electricity, sanitation behind the raspberry canes. A bargain for quick sale. Two thousand pounds."

"Gold door-knobs?" I asked.

He froze me with a glance.

"This is no time to be facetious."

I think he was right.

My wife tried. She has the skill acquired in six years' shortage. I had six years of military plenty and have no skill. She hired a fur coat. She borrowed jewellery. She had me make an appointment with another agent on her behalf and told me to make sure that the man had the impression that she was a red-carpet client.

She alighted from the bus at the corner of the road; and walked along the High Street to the agent's office.

"A Rolls outside your office," she remarked to the top of his bowing head, "would never do. The street is too narrow."

He was impressed. She drove home the advantage with a look that expressed at the same time effortless superiority and a faint distaste for her surroundings. They passed together into the office.

"A house," she said, "not too big. One is frightfully hard up these days. Thirteen thousand would be too much."

He had such a house. Indeed it had been on his books for fifteen years. They went out to see it in his car. They would have gone in the Rolls.

"But," said Mary. "A car of that sort deserves attention. And in these days one cannot afford to keep one's own mechanic. Therefore one must leave the car from time to time in a garage. And one must ride in other cars."

She made it clear that she was not used to his sort of car.

They arrived at the house.

"It is a most desirable residence," said the agent, hacking his way through the brambles that grew over the front door. He carried a sickle in his car to deal with this sort of property.

"Very solid construction," he added, pushing the door off its hinges.

In the hall he sprawled headlong over a pile of crumbling masonry.

"Never fall down, these old houses," he said, dusting himself and kicking a few bricks out of his path.

On the staircase he went clean

through the third stair, where the wood was rotten. He picked himself up and mopped his bleeding nose.

"Needs some redecoration," he explained apologetically.

But Mary appeared enchanted.

"One could be very cosy here. It's a house of character. Two thousand should set it right. What price do you say? Ten thousand pounds? I agree. Anyone who wanted a house like this ought to pay ten thousand."

As they were leaving she had an afterthought.

"Oh! The man who does the garden. Is there somewhere for him to live?"

There was. It was a cottage at the lodge gates. The agent hesitated.

"We intended to sell this separately. Two thousand pounds."

"Nonsense!" said Mary. "The place is worth three hundred. Not a penny

more. I've had that man since I've been married; and I won't be separated from him now. The point is that he is an independent man: and he insists on buying his own cottage. I am particularly anxious that the price should be within his reach. I'll send him to see you to-morrow. And don't charge him a penny more than three hundred."

The agent said he would consult his client.

The vendor agreed—ungraciously. For when the man who did the garden, clad for the occasion in cords and Army boots and his best Baresetshire accent, had seen the cottage, he had to pay three hundred and fifty pounds.

And this, as Mary explained to the astonished agent when she opened the cottage door to him three weeks later, was fifty pounds more than they had arranged.



*"But you always used to say that it was the fagging system that had made England what she is."*



## Late Letter

**B**UTTERFOOT has only himself to blame if he is still waiting for my reply to his letter written in June 1946 from Jinjaja, the capital of Kugombaland. Although he only made a few general inquiries about the state of my health and thirst and whether I thought the country would pull through and that sort of thing, he commanded me to reply by return of post. "Sit down straight away and write to me before you forget," he said, "because if you don't you will never answer at all."

I found his letter waiting for me when I got home one Saturday night, and made the fatal mistake, as he seemed in such a hurry, of answering it on Sunday afternoon. I wrote a long chatty missive about the beer shortage and clothes rationing and sweet rationing and what I looked like in my army overcoat now that it was dyed and other thrilling matters of hot topical interest. Then I stuck it in an envelope, marked it "Air Mail" and went round to get stamps to the value of one-and-threepence out of the machine outside the post office.

The machine had run dry, so I called on Sympton to see if he had any stamps. He could only produce a suspicious-looking twopenny that appeared to have been used for a receipt and then cleaned, but he knocked up the man in the next flat who contributed eight halfpennies from the

pockets of the overalls that he wore when cleaning his car. He said that the brown colour of most of them was only oil and that the post office would not mind. With these and a George V penny which his little boy found in his stamp album and sold to me for twopence I felt that I was making progress and returned home.

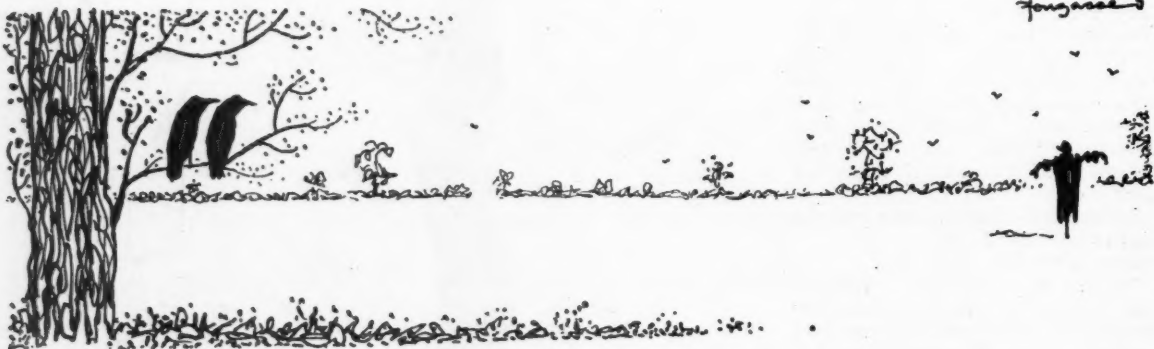
I quickly ran a three-halfpenny to earth in the lining of my office coat, and though it had become rolled up into a kind of sausage it yielded to a few dabs with a hot flat-iron. I added it to the rest and found that the total came to eightpence-halfpenny. Next, at the back of a drawer, I found three-quarters of a halfpenny. By cunningly putting the missing bit (or rather the place where the missing bit would have been if it had not been missing) under the corner of one of the other stamps I made it look all right. I was now only sixpence short, and with a shout of triumph I located a sixpenny stamp on a legal document that I had never signed owing to changing my mind after buying the stamp and sticking it on.

It took me hardly more than half an hour to steam the sixpenny stamp off the legal document, boil up some glue on the gas-stove, and apply a dab of glue to the back of the stamp. I thought it best to let the glue dry a bit before sticking the stamp on the envelope, so I put the stamp face

downwards on the piano, and at that moment the door-bell rang. It was only Sympton come to borrow the vacuum-cleaner, but he stayed ten minutes chatting, and when I returned to the piano I found that the draught had turned the stamp over and that it was hopelessly stuck to the piano. I tried to steam it off and then I tried to remove it with a razor-blade, but it refused to budge. I flew into a bit of a temper at being thus baffled after all my efforts, and Edith did not improve matters by saying that the stamp would not be wasted, because we should be able to stick sixpence less on if ever we decided to post the piano anywhere.

So I put the letter in my inside pocket, and it has been there, of course, ever since. It is covered with telephone numbers, elementary arithmetical calculations and drawings of men in top-hats with French beards, and bits of it have been torn off for use as spills. Even if I ever happened to be wearing the suit it is in when I was at a post office and remembered that I wanted a sixpenny stamp I am afraid it would need a new envelope, and I simply could not face steaming off all those stamps and glueing them on again. Besides, much of the news it contains is out of date. My army overcoat was used for the guy last November, and the list of national grumbles would need a good deal of revision.

D. H. BARBER



*"No, dear, definitely not from the Ministry—he hasn't got a dispatch case."*

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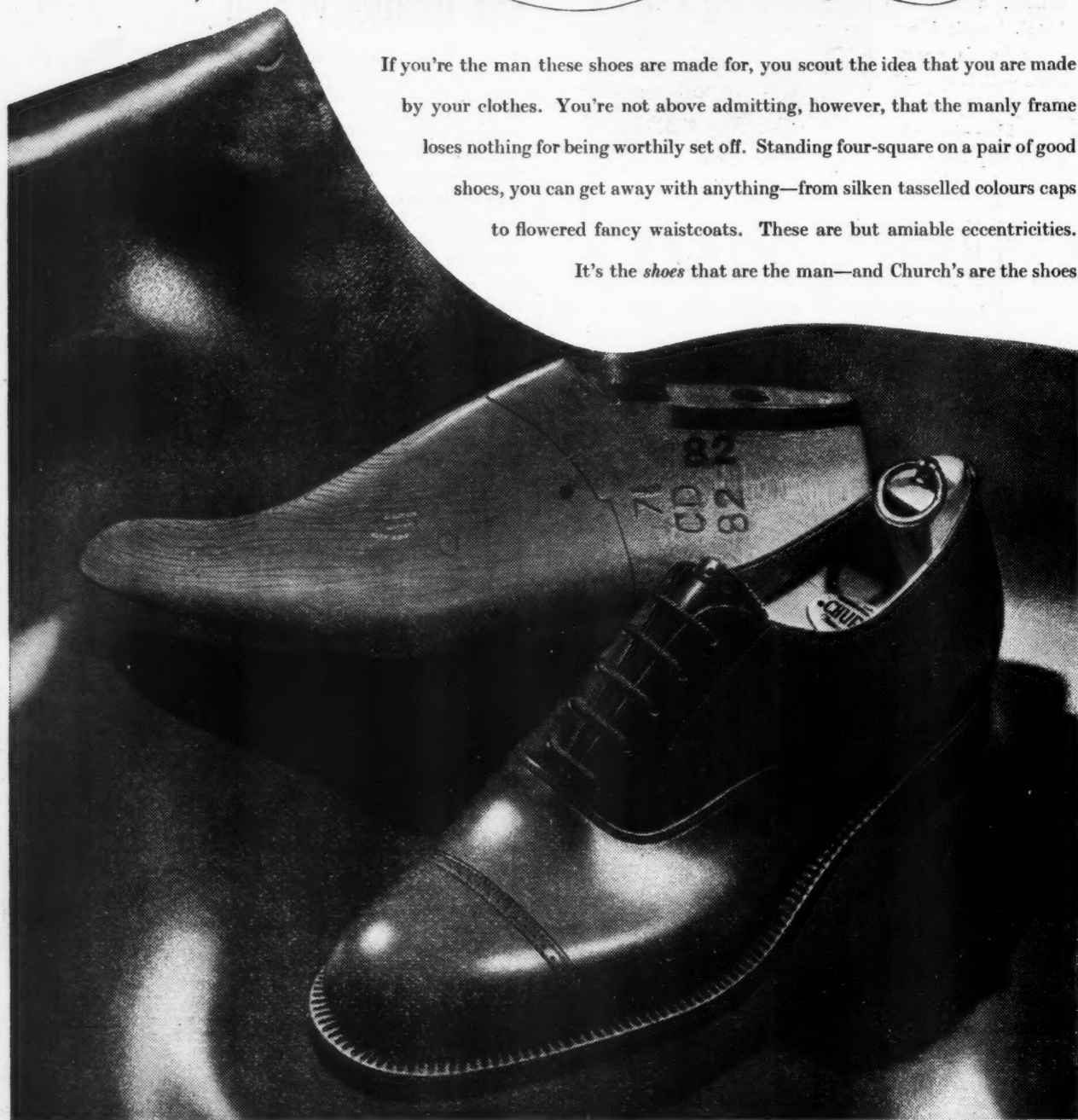
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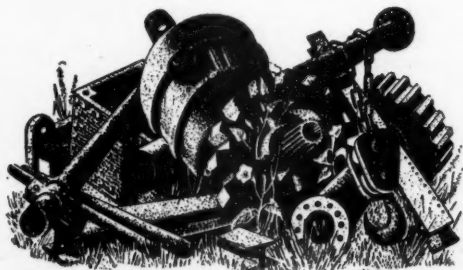
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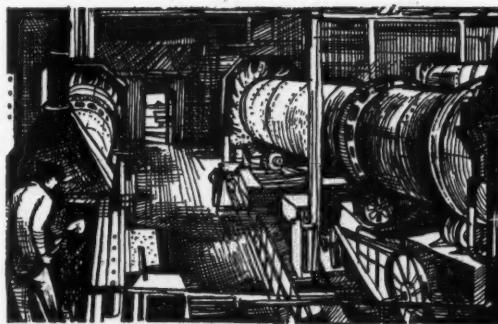
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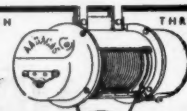
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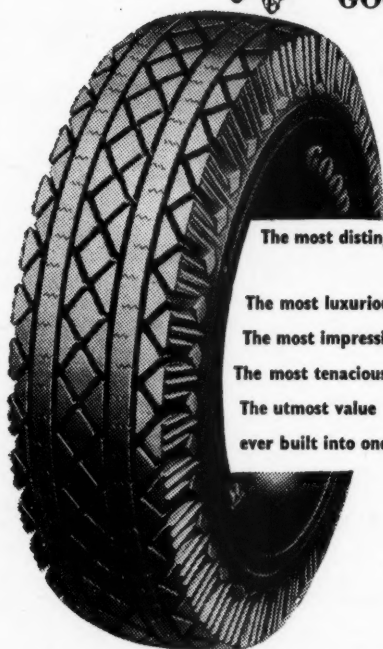
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The most impressive mileage  
The most tenacious road grip  
The utmost value  
ever built into one single tyre

Made from the world's finest materials, designed and built by scientists and craftsmen with generations of research and tyre-building experience at their finger-tips, the Eagle Tyre is, inevitably, the foremost tyre of the age.

*You can trust*  
**GOODYEAR**

THE LONG-LIFE HARDEST-WEARING TYRE

Epsom



**What are they talking about?**

No, they're not talking about the next race. They're discussing Burrough's Gin. People who know just how good really good gin is, always try for Burrough's because it is triple distilled. It is this extra refinement that makes Burrough's Gin soft, smooth and clean to the palate.

Delicious taken plain, Burrough's Gin always "keeps its place" in even the most delicate cocktails. Prices: 32/4 per bottle; 16/11 per half-bottle.



ENJOYED SINCE 1820

**BURROUGH'S** *Gin*

IT IS TRIPLE DISTILLED!

JAMES BURROUGH LTD., 75, CABLE DISTILLERY, HUTTON ROAD, S.E.11

## QUENCHY QUESTIONS

Animal, vegetable or mineral?

*Vegetable.*

Can you eat it?

*No.*

Can you drink it?

*Yes.*

Is it made in any particular county?

*Yes.*

Is it made in Devon?

*Yes.*

Is it Devonshire Cream?

*No.*

Is it nice and sweet?

*Yes.*

It's cyder!

*Yes.*

Let's have a recap. It's made in Devon, it's nice and sweet and it's cyder...

*Yes.*

Then it must be  
**WHITEWAY'S  
CYDER**

MEDIUM-SWEET OR DRY





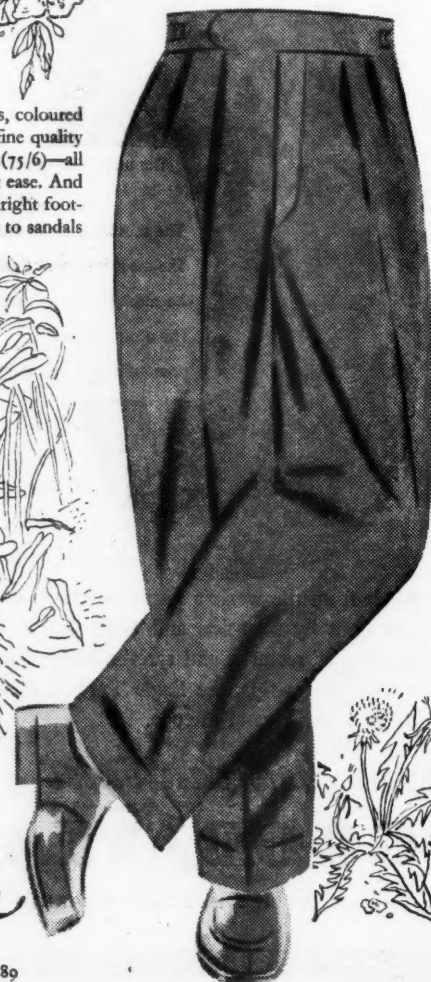
Take your choice of a wide variety of sports shirts, from our crew neck shirt "The Surf" illustrated here (23/6), to practical long-sleeved flannel for windy golf courses



## Your Summer Ease

Flannel trousers, coloured sports trousers in fine quality saxony (98/6), linen trousers (75/6)—all are ready to put you at ease. And you will find just the right footwear from brogues to sandals

We have linen beach trunks with all the abandon of the South Seas (35/6)—or more sober versions. All have two important features—coolness and comfort



is just a part of the  
**AUSTIN REED** service


LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

LONDON TELEPHONE: REGENT 6789

*It pays to say*

**Esso**

**LIGHTER FUEL**

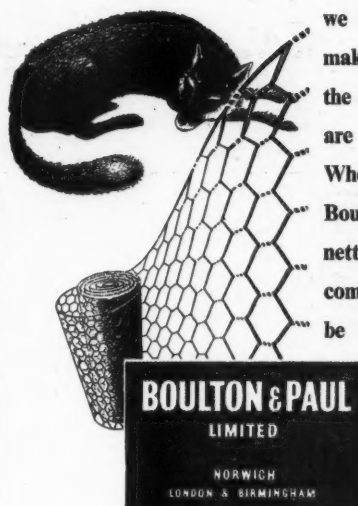


No Smoke  
No Fumes  
No Failures

ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL COMPANY LIMITED

## FOXED...

It would take a very clever Fox—human or animal—to get through the wire netting and fencing we produce. We have been making these necessities since the mid-Victorian era. And we are constantly improving them. Wherever they may be in use, Boulton & Paul fencing or wire netting provide a short but complete answer to all would-be intruders — KEEP OUT.



STEEL CONSTRUCTION • WOODWORKING • WIRE NETTING • FENCING • REFRIGERATORS  
CRC 12H

## A BEETLE IMPROVED PRODUCT

### Eyes on export

If you're focusing on an overseas market, remember that plastics moulded articles are as subject to climatic conditions as most other materials. The shrinking tendency of thermosetting plastics materials when moulded over heavy metal inserts can cause cracking and crazing. This was the problem faced by A. Kershaw & Sons, Leeds, on re-opening their export trade in moulded binoculars and theatre glasses with the U.S.A. Our research chemists evolved Beetle Plasticised moulding powder, mouldings made from which have a greatly lessened tendency to shrink on exposure to dry heat; they stand up to such climatic temperature changes and have an extra-warm texture and fine finish. Like Kershaw binoculars, worth looking into.

Beetle Plasticised moulding powder—a product of B.I.P. research—imparts special properties to the mouldings of these Kershaw optical instruments.

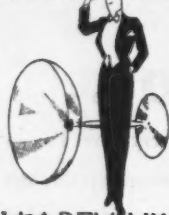


**BRITISH INDUSTRIAL PLASTICS LTD**

1 ARGYLL STREET, LONDON, W.1

"BEETLE" is a trade mark registered in Great Britain and in most countries of the world

## CHAMPAGNE

V<sup>te</sup> ADEVAUX  
EPERNAY MARNE"So well worth  
drinking"

## THOUGHTS ON CHAMPAGNE

Pre-war Champagne used to be twice or thrice the price of an equally good bottle of Burgundy or Bordeaux. Today, a fine bottle of either can easily be 15/- to 18/6, an equivalent Hock even more, while the best of Champagnes can be bought at around 23/-.

Should Champagne therefore be considered such a luxury as only to be drunk on special occasions? I appreciate the qualities of each, but it seems to me that the very real merit of Champagne as a beverage to be served much more frequently right through dinner or lunch is not seen in its right perspective for the enjoyment and good digestion of food and for its stimulation of body and mind.

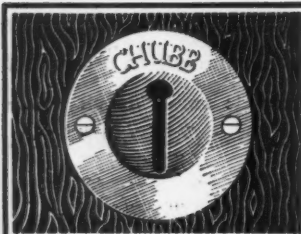
## AND AN OFFER

IT NEED NOT ALWAYS BE A BOTTLE, and to give you the opportunity of judging Devaux Champagne for yourself, I will be delighted to send you a couple of half-bottles for a pound (I nearly said a sovereign) instead of the usual price of 28/9 for the two. Send me the name of your local wine merchant and a cheque. On receipt I will dispatch the bottles to him for delivery to you.

Sole Importer:

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CHUBB

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KARSWOOD

because he knows what's good for him, to keep him fit and healthy during the warmer weather.

If he is continually scratching, losing his coat; listless or off his food he needs a tonic, or better still, Karswood Conditioning, which is a tonic and a mild laxative.

Karswood Dog Powders and Tablets contain Iron for the blood, Sulphur for the skin, Phosphorus for the nerves and muscles, Iodine for the glands, Calcium, tonic salts and correctives for the bowels, liver and kidneys.

Most of the successful breeders use Karswood regularly in their Kennels. Get a packet today for your dog and give them regularly. You will soon see the difference—how much fitter he is, that extra sparkle in his eyes and wag in his tail.

## POWDERS or TABLETS

In packets, 8 for 9d., 24 for 1/9, and in special Kennel size, 144 for 8/6. From all Chemists, Corn Merchants and Pet Stores

KARSWOOD

Dog Conditioning

keeps dogs healthy

## MORE M.P.G.?

LESS MISFIRING  
Then Fit a Set of



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For CARS - MOTOR CYCLES - LORRIES - TRACTORS.  
Gives HOTTER, FATTER SPARKS, so

- Prevents Plugs Oiling Up.
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A New type of radio telephony and loud hailer is being fitted to all Life-boats. The operators can talk to the shore by radio telephony, or to the wreck through the loud hailer. The yearly cost of hiring this equipment will be £10,000. Help provide this extra safeguard by sending a contribution however small.

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T.D., M.A., Secretary.



## FOURTH PROGRAMME

I like to look at everything I could listen in to—then light my pipe and lean back. The rest is silence—and Three Nuns

Three Nuns

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of The Imperial  
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## Costs less to maintain!

Because—

Made principally of steel  
Steel-preserving electrolyte  
Fully enclosed active materials  
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self-discharge



(N.B. Nife Batteries  
are not yet available  
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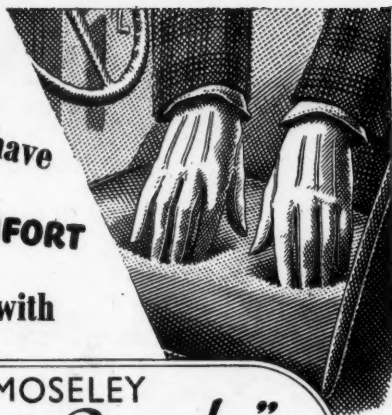
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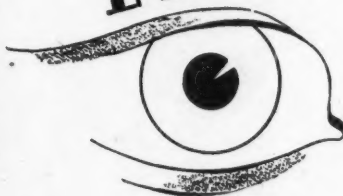
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**Signal improvement**

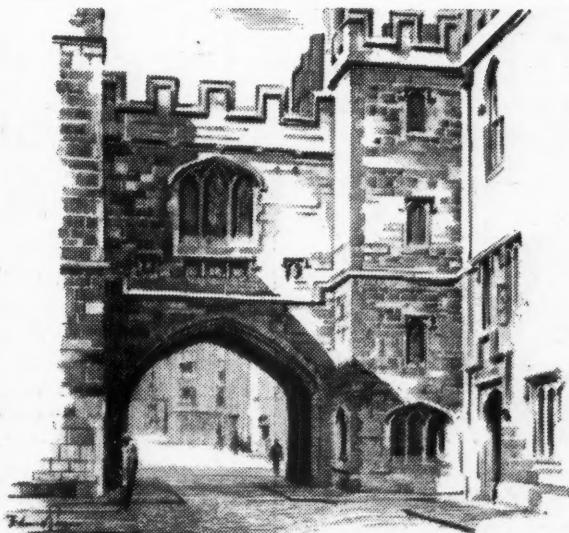
No Sir, it doesn't mean that women drivers will cease to fray your nerves . . . It means that TUFNOL pulleys will not fray wires, and any engineer or manufacturer will tell you just how important this sympathy for metals can be.

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**SPRINGS & PRESSWORK**



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Sports Coats  
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**M**EN who smoke Murray's Mellow Mixture wouldn't give it up for love or money. It's a grand tobacco of medium strength—the strength most men prefer. It's cool and fragrant, with a flavour all its own. Burns slowly and evenly, and therefore lasts longer. That is important these days!

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**MELLOW MIXTURE**  
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NORTHERN IRELAND where good tobaccos  
have been skillfully blended for over 130 years



He saw the  
Industrial Revolution  
—in a wine bottle

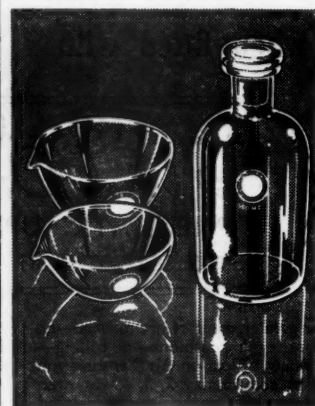
**I**N 1698 a British captain, Thomas Savery, threw an almost empty wine-bottle into the fire. As the steam of the heated wine hissed forth, an idea was born. Savery plunged the bottle, neck down, into a bowl of water, and found that at once water was sucked into the bottle. This was the inception of the steam pump—and the precursor of the Industrial Revolution.

Today, men with Savery's vision are planning the extension and wider utilization of our electricity supplies. Already restrictions on the use of electricity during "off-peak" hours are being lifted. Before long all the pre-war electrical conveniences will be back again, and our plants will be fully supplying the needs, not only of our expanding industries, but also of our farms, municipalities and families.



The Electrical Development Association offers free advice on the latest labour-saving methods of cooking and water-heating and on the modernisation of property. For booklets and personal advice, consult your Electricity Service Centre, or write to the E.D.A., 2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.

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Scientific Glassware  
provides long and  
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THE advancement made in every sphere of science and production during the past decade has meant a greater demand for reliable heat-and-acid-proof glassware.

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Ask for PYREX Brand and see that you get it!

made by  
**JAMES A. JOBLING & CO. LTD.,**  
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# Apples Bulmer's Cider

Drink apples  
at their best in  
Bulmer's Extra Quality  
Cider, the favourite in  
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IN FLAGONS—Woodpecker (Medium Sweet) or Bulmer's Dry.

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A premium of £100 p.a. provides the following benefits:

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## VAPEX INHALANT      INHALER      VOLATOL

Known and appreciated for more than 30 years. Put a drop on your handkerchief each morning and on the end of your pillow at night. Breathe the vapour. 2/6

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IT'S EASIER TO KEEP FIT  
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be sure...  
always



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Sterilize that  
feeding bottle with  
**Milton**

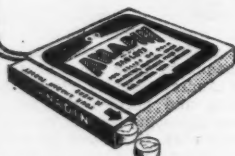
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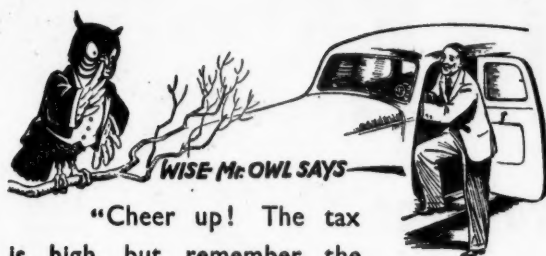
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Johnnie was five when he came to us helpless, piteous, blind from birth. Now he is a "fat and happy" boy who can read, write, run about—and laugh! The loving care that has wrought this change is but one aspect of the great work of the Royal Society for the Blind that has gone on for over a century. But this labour of love needs help—your help—in these difficult days. Will you...?

Donations gratefully acknowledged by the Hon. Treasurer.

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Closed Height 6 1/2 ins.  
Maximum Height 14 ins.  
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Every car owner should write for details

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**Silvifix**

controls the hair without gumming

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**Amontillado Fino SHERRY**

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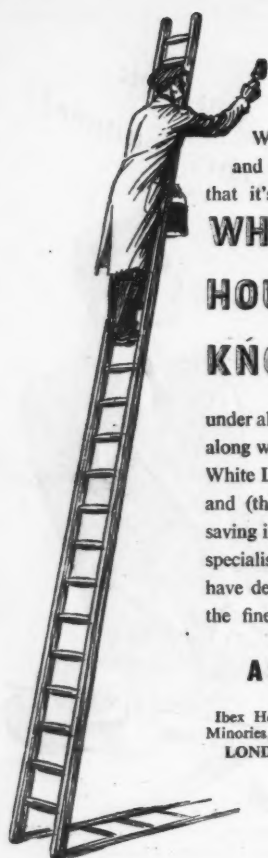


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is more than a pipe—it is a friend

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When the decorators put up their ladders and start the job, every householder knows that it's their wages, and not the paint, which

## WHAT EVERY HOUSEHOLDER KNOWS

will cost the most money. Even so, there are a few who neglect to specify the best paint—that is, the paint which will last longest and protect property under all conditions. More and more householders, along with architects and builders, do specify White Lead Paints because they are economical and (thanks to their durability) bring in a big saving in labour costs. White Lead for paint is a specialised product, and the plants which we have designed for its manufacture are among the finest and most modern in the world.

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When you come to a place where they sprinkle traffic lights about like confetti and the traffic gets snarled up into lumps, you need a car that can . . . phwt . . . you're away.

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